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Saturday Review

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How the Post-War Was Won

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Carlton is lowest.

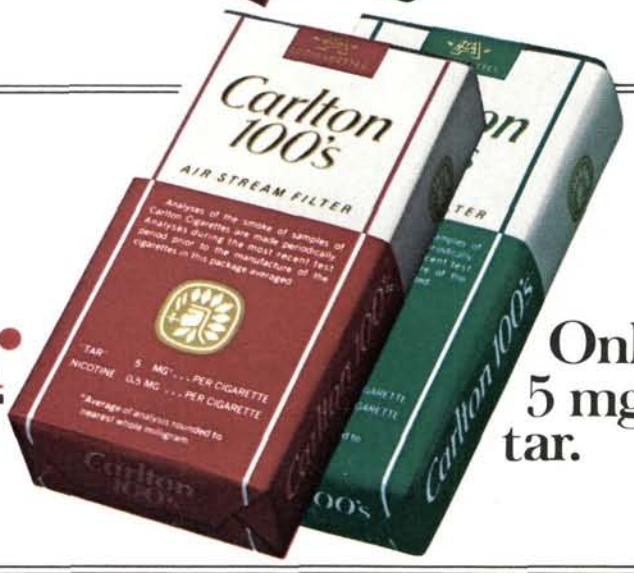
See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Vantage	11	0.8
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than 0.5**	**0.05**

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: Less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Carlton.
Filter & Menthol
The lighter 100's.



Only 5 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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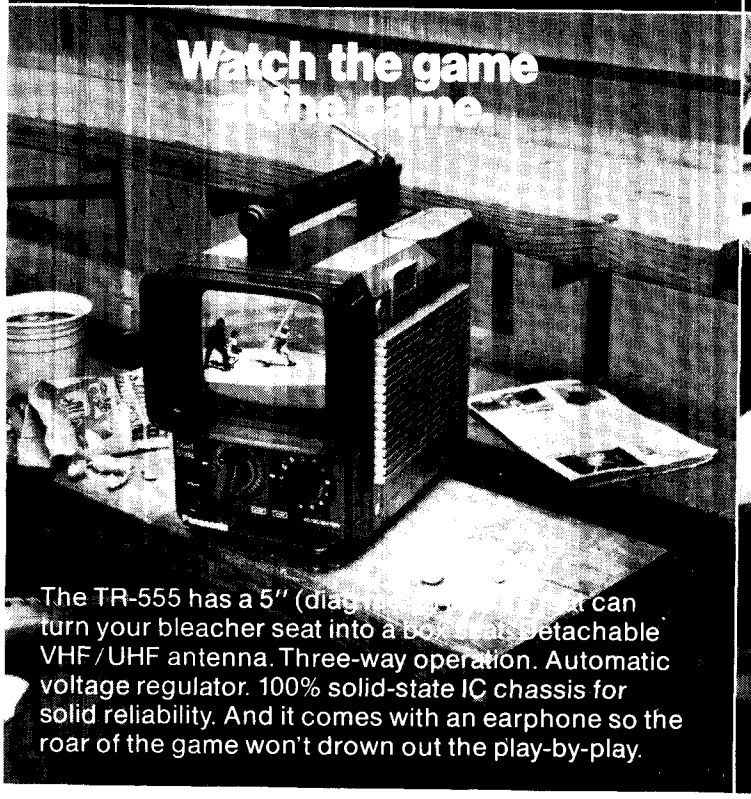
Watch the TV play where the kids play.

The TR-5001 has just about everything: 5" (diag meas) screen, AM/FM radio and cassette player. So you can catch just about everything played on TV, on radio or on tape wherever you play. And you can play it anywhere because it comes with an AC adapter, car-battery adapter and Panasonic batteries.

Watch the soaps where you use the soaps.

The TR-3000P has a built-in AM/FM radio and a 3" (diag meas) screen so you can see if Peg and Paul are finally tying the knot in your favorite soap opera. It also has a detachable magnifying lens to make the picture even bigger. Complete with an AC adapter, car-battery adapter and Panasonic batteries.



Watch the game [illegible] the game.

The TR-555 has a 5" (diag [illegible] can turn your bleacher seat into a box [illegible] detachable VHF/UHF antenna. Three-way operation. Automatic voltage regulator. 100% solid-state IC chassis for solid reliability. And it comes with an earphone so the roar of the game won't drown out the play-by-play.

Watch the starting gate from the tail gate.

The TR-545 has a 5" (diag meas) screen and a built-in AM/FM radio. So you can not only watch the winner's circle from the traffic circle, but you can listen to your favorite disc jockey after you watch your favorite race jockey. Complete with rechargeable Panalloid™ batteries.

Your second TV should go places your first set can't.

The Outsiders.™ Battery operated black and white TV's from Panasonic. They're compact, rugged, and can go just about anywhere and still deliver crisp, sharp pictures. They all come with batteries. Either heavy-duty Panasonic batteries or rechargeable Panalloid batteries. They all work inside on house current and on your car battery with our adapter (optional on TR-545).

The Outsiders from Panasonic. They should be your first choice for a second TV. All TV pictures simulated.

the Outsiders
Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

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PRODUCTIVITY IS LAGGING IN THE ROCKIES, BUT LOOKING UP.

In most parts of the country, intensive forest management is working. Increased demand for forest products has necessitated development of ways to improve the productivity of the nation's commercial forestland.*

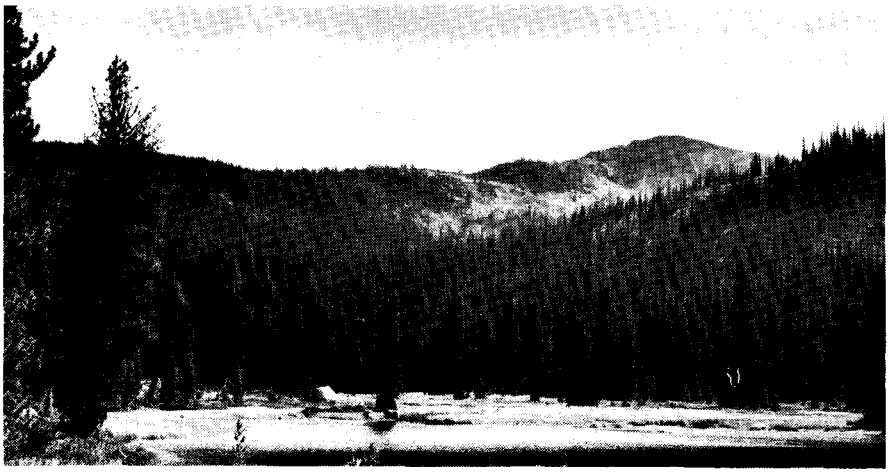
But, in the vast areas that border the spine of the Great American West, the forests are not nearly as productive as they should be, given their true potential and the world's growing need for wood and wood fiber.

Some have written the region off as unproductive — period. They think of it mostly as a vast wilderness, valued only for its wildlife, recreation and scenic beauty. These things *are* valuable. Large areas have already been set aside as permanent Wilderness.

Even so, the Rocky Mountain States contain 10% of U.S. commercial forestland. But they provide only 6% of the forest harvest. This places undue strain on other parts of the American forest.

DEMAND EXPECTED TO DOUBLE.

That's cause for concern; the government says domestic demand for wood and paper products will double by the year 2020. And pressures for other forest uses are intensifying. So every acre of productive forest — in the Rockies and throughout America — will have to work even harder.



These forests could be far more productive if they were managed more intensively.

One of the reasons for low productivity in the Rockies is the stagnated condition of many forested areas — older trees, past their prime and more susceptible to disease and decay.

More intensive management would mean a healthier mix of young, thriving forests. It would also benefit other forest values, such as wildlife and watersheds. And provide access to the forests so more people could enjoy them.

SOME PROGRESS.

Management like this is spreading in the Rockies. It means growing more trees, faster, and getting more out of every tree harvested.

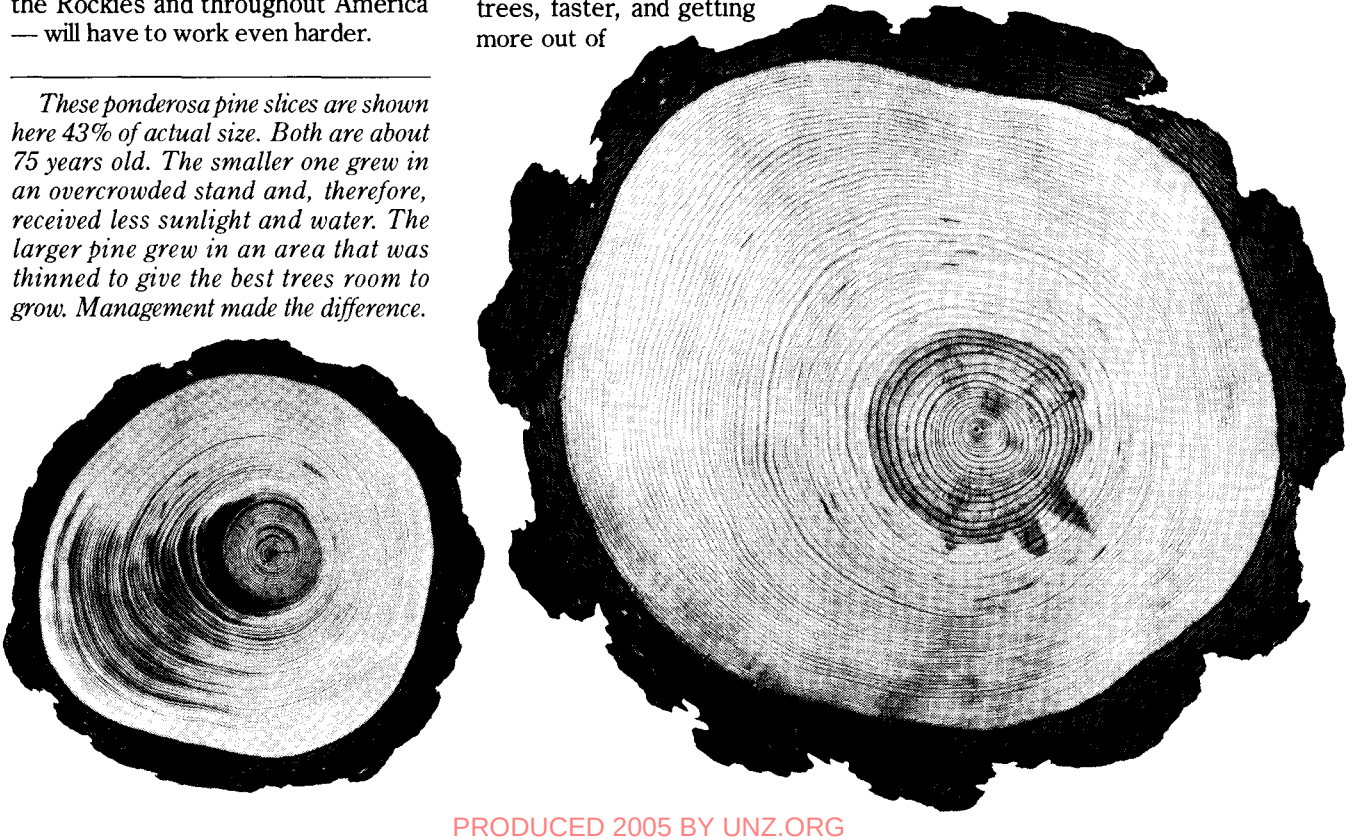
So there is some progress toward increasing productivity in the Rockies and the rest of the American forest. But we still have a long way to go.

For more information, write American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

**American Forest Institute*

**Commercial forest is forest capable of, and potentially available for, growing trees for harvest.*

These ponderosa pine slices are shown here 43% of actual size. Both are about 75 years old. The smaller one grew in an overcrowded stand and, therefore, received less sunlight and water. The larger pine grew in an area that was thinned to give the best trees room to grow. Management made the difference.



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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

A More Modest Proposal

Robert Nessen [Guestview, March 31] has proposed that an excellent tax shelter could be created were men allowed to depreciate their wives. The idea is sound, but it would indeed make a good deal more sense to allow wives to depreciate their husbands.

The intent of the IRS in allowing depreciation as a tax deduction is to compensate the investor for the diminishing value of her investment. When a woman marries, in her youth, the young man embodies all of her dreams of romance, adventure, and material and emotional comfort. As time passes, and the investment ages, the bloom is off the rose.

The investment she made then was expected to produce the dividends of stimulating conversation and the capital gain of a growing intimacy. The dividends have been passed, and the lack of communication has led to a capital loss.

While a monetary tax-based remedy will neither solve the problem, nor reimburse the investor for nonfinancial losses, tax relief, will, however, make the pain a little easier to bear. I therefore propose the following:

1. Straight line depreciation should be allowed over the lifetime of the asset.
2. Accelerated depreciation should be permitted for subsidizing the asset, i.e., putting him through school, managing the household, and raising the children while he travels and spends 60 hours a week at the office.
3. Substantial excess depreciation is obviously due in community property states for the additional risk of loss, since a default by the husband-investment can imperil not only his earnings, but the wife's as well.
4. The depletion allowance should be applied, since this is clearly a wasting asset.
5. Some adjustment must be made for the fact that, unlike limited partnership investors, this investor actually lives with the investment day in and day out.
6. Special provision should be made for recapture. (Recapture is defined as marrying a younger, more attentive man next time.)

Surely Mr. Nessen will recognize that husband depreciation is much more in line with general tax policy than his suggestion.

Martha Waddell
Account Executive
E.F. Hutton
San Francisco, California

Back to Basics

It was refreshing to read Thomas Middleton's "Back to the Blackboard" [Light Refractions, April 14] about Mrs. Collins who is providing learning instead of paraphernalia. Too often teacher aides are substitutes for substance with the result that students are becoming more picture literate and punch-key prone.

In my school days we did not build castles in sand; we read about them. In addition we read after school for pleasure—books, magazines, license plates, billboard signs—wherever we found the printed word. An added benefit from the absence of comprehensive programmed learning was the freedom to create our own characters, scenes, and actions.

Theodora Remington
Hartford, Connecticut

The Death of Poetic Management

Now that Norman Cousins has done us the considerable service of destroying the myth of "cost benefit ratio" [Editorial, April 14] in education, one hopes he might next turn his attention to Management by Objectives (MBO) and Loaned Executive Action Programs (LEAP). Mr. Cousins refers to "little men with no poetry in their souls" as the principal purveyors of the cost benefit ratio nonsense in education. Sadly, poetry is dead as a criterion for leadership. It was killed in the mad rush for managerial skills.

John Hodowanic
St. Paul, Minnesota

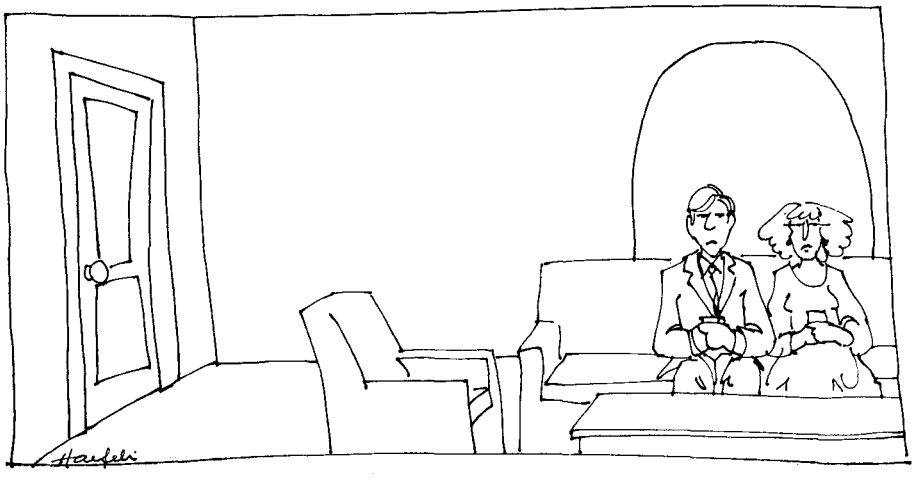
Chacun à son Goût

I was disappointed and distressed by Carll Tucker's "An Unharvested Talent" [The Back Door, March 17] in which he mourned the "wasted" talents of a friend who had given up an urban job in publishing and moved to New England to pick apples. Mr. Tucker was frustrated by his friend's obvious contentment and was only able to focus on what he saw as squandered resources. He saw Sylvester as symptomatic of an era of retreat, retrenchment, and self-indulgence and felt that Sylvester at the very least should justify his actions by producing a tome on the life of the orchard. Balderdash!

It sounds as if Sylvester is one of those few people who has had the courage to act on an instinct and make a go of it; he has found a way to live that does not require antacids, psychoanalysis, and/or liquor to maintain equilibrium.

If indeed Sylvester has achieved these things, I would say that his education was a success. Is not the primary end of higher education the production of a civilized human being? His byline may not appear in the *New York Review of Books* but he sounds intelligent and at peace with himself. If this were an accurate characterization of even a fraction of our population, we would be in far better shape as a nation.

David Flitner, Jr.
Andover, Massachusetts



The Stillwells' party ends quickly when they serve Club Soda instead of Perrier.

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PUZZLES

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 131

DOX ASZRE TF SDOVRE. JPRF AROX OJ KE LYHD JPR QHYAN'E QOAA, OXN JSDR'E.

—YHTRYJ WRXX QOYYRX

Wit Twister No. 143

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The frostier air and the ____ ____ ____ ____ ____ ____ breeze,
The sporty set ____ ____ ____ ____ ____ ____ ____ down mountains on skis,
And the high____ ____ ____ ____ ____ ____ ____ peaks—all are lost (more's the pity)
On this New England ____ ____ ____ ____ ____ ____ ____ who longs for Fun City!

Mrs. Thomas E. Harris
Alexandria, Virginia

MAY 12 ANSWERS

Wit Twister No. 142

shier, hires, heirs, shire

Literary Crypt No. 130

[Satire] A sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own.

—Swift

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 171

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER'S UNIVERSE

Everything man says about God is pure guesswork. But since I believe in God's existence, and since God created man and formed his brain, I believe also that there must be something of the divine in men's ideas about Him—even if they are far from being adequate.

From an interview by Richard Burgin in the *New York Times Magazine*, December 2, 1978

A small Tampa Cigar Manufacturer would like to demonstrate to a few Havana Lovers that you can still enjoy the unique Havana Flavor without Mr. Castro's permission.

If you remember savoring and lingering over a fantastically mild and flavorful Cuban leaf cigar in the days before the Cuban embargo, you will be interested in this offer — and the story behind it!

When the Cuban embargo hit, we and other small manufacturers of fine custom-made cigars faced ruin. Our very existence depended on maintaining the same incomparable quality we had made our reputation on.

The solution was pure cloak-and-dagger. One dark night a few years ago a group of daring Cuban expatriates put to sea carrying a precious cargo of Cuban tobacco seeds. After running a gauntlet of Cuban gunboats they finally reached their destination — Honduras. Here under almost identical conditions of climate and soil, this prime tobacco flourishes to this day, far from its native land. This is the tobacco we use to make our superbly mild and flavorable cigars — cigars an expert can't tell from Havana.

CREDIT CARD HOLDERS CALL TOLL-FREE: 800-237-2559

My Offer to Cigar Lovers

I will send you postpaid a variety of 60 Factory Fresh Cigars. Smoke one or a half dozen with our compliments. If these cigars aren't all you expect and a great deal more, return the remainder by Parcel Post and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only $9.90 for 60 Factory Fresh Cuban Seed Leaf Cigars.

A287 To order: Fill in & mail coupon to:

THOMPSON CIGAR CO.

200 No. Edison Ave., Dept. A287, Box 1839, Tampa, Fl. 33601

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☐ Charge $9.90 to my
☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

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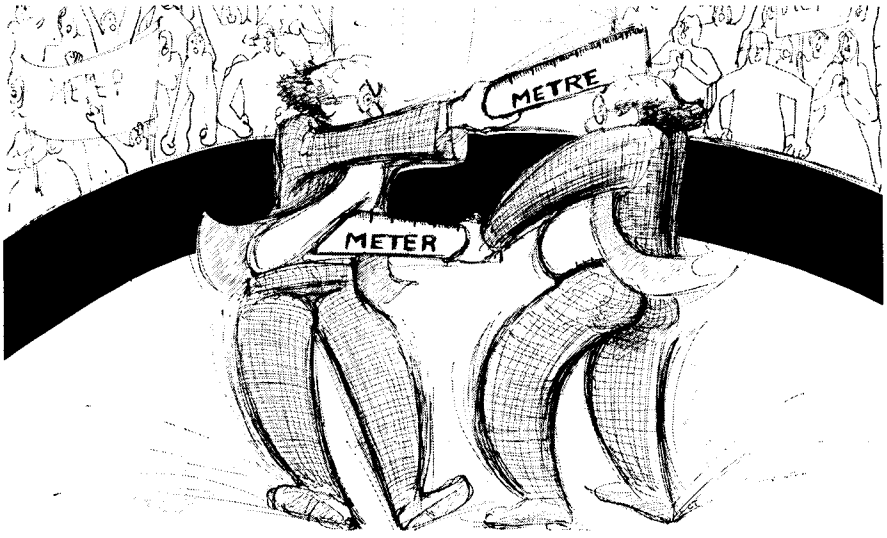

CARMEN TEIXIDOR

Orthography Wars

In *Gulliver's Travels*, Jonathan Swift describes a series of fierce civil wars between the Big-endians and the Little-endians, two sects who disagree over the proper way to break an egg. Satire, alas, cannot hope to keep pace with reality: An acrimonious battle subsists between advocates of "metre," and their nemeses, the zealots of "meter."

The most recent salvo in the campaign was launched by the U.S. Metric Association. Their December, 1978 "Statement on Spelling of Metre" (a title that makes their position sufficiently clear) seeks to decimate "meter" enthusiasts with a combination of scholarship and invective. "The attack on the use of the international English-usage spellings, metre-litre, is political and sociological," says author Louis Sokol. This onslaught he characterizes as "an attempt by determined individuals to thwart progress" toward a standardized spelling. In a more scientific vein, Sokol points out that "there are about 8.3 times as many persons which [sic] use the 'tr' spellings compared to the 't-vowel' spellings, and even if the U.S.A. is included in the 't-vowel' group the ratio of the 'tr' to 't-vowel' users is still 3.6 to 1."

Who is the terrible foe planted in the road of progress? Bureaucrats and the *Federal Register* have been taking both sides. But the really implacable enemy is the American National Metric Council, an offshoot of the American National Standards Institute, a federal body. Ever since a 1974 survey indicated that 75 percent of Americans favored the insular "meter," ANMC has lobbied for that spelling, leading the USMA to conclude, "There is no question that the intent of some of the members of the ANMC Metric Practice Committee is to impose their will on the English-speaking world."

Be that as it may, the ANMC has now instructed federal agencies to use "meter," and considers the case closed. Asked whether the orthography war was still raging, an ANMC spokesman said, "The U.S. Metric Association thinks so; but the federal government doesn't."

A Brewing Storm

Soon after Philip Morris purchased the ailing Miller Brewing Company in 1970 the tobacco firm began to devote vast amounts of capital to marketing the beer. The strategy succeeded splendidly, and today Miller sells more beer than anyone save Anheuser-Busch. But, unsatisfied with conventional marketing techniques, Miller has hit upon a new competitive gambit: Get a regulatory agency (not generally the object of such cooperation) to encumber your archrival.

Over the past several months Miller has submitted a small mountain of memoranda, scientific documents and formal complaints to the Federal Trade Commission, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. All of this massive weaponry has been turned upon the egregious Anheuser-Busch. Miller alleges, among other things, that its competitor's Natural Light isn't natural, that its Michelob Light isn't light, and that "beechwood aging" is a polite fiction. Miller wants the regulatory agencies to draw up new standards defining these terms in such a way that Anheuser-Busch would be unable to use them.

Of course, if you said all this in an advertisement cynics might call it "a competitive ploy," as Anheuser-Busch has not hesitated to do. But using the federal agencies as an intermediary permits the brewer to wrap itself in the flag of reform: the agitation is thus part of Miller's campaign for "viable and meaningful labeling regulation." It just happens that such regulations would hurt Anheuser-Busch.

Alas, Miller's claims, which have provoked an equally high-minded attack by Anheuser-Busch, have been greeted with a uniform cynicism. An industry analyst dismisses the entire tiff as "Little Johnny Miller and little Augie Busch acting like 12-year-olds in a schoolyard."

Nor has Miller made much of a splash with the regulators. A spokesman for the BATF says that the agency plans to avoid the entire issue (they preside over the light/non-light issue, while the FTC has jurisdiction over natural/non-natural). According to that official, the BATF plans to stay out of what it considers a family feud.

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Old Nukes Never Die ...Nor Do They Fade Away

In the aftermath of our recent brush with nuclear apocalypse at Three Mile Island, a great many voices, political as well as public, have called for the closing of the plant. This raises an embarrassing difficulty: Nobody knows exactly how to get rid of a full-scale nuclear reactor. Among the proposals, each with its own special morbid ring, are "entombment," "mothballing," and dismantlement followed by transportation to a "burial ground."

The problem wasn't supposed to arise until the end of the century, when the first generation of plants will be ready for nuke heaven. Since the always obliging Nuclear Regulatory Commission doesn't require detailed plans until the generator is ready to be "decommissioned," utilities have had little incentive to devise appropriate systems. Meanwhile, the NRC and the Atomic Industry Forum, the nuclear trade group, have devised some rosy forecasts which a number of scientists and public-interest groups hotly dispute.

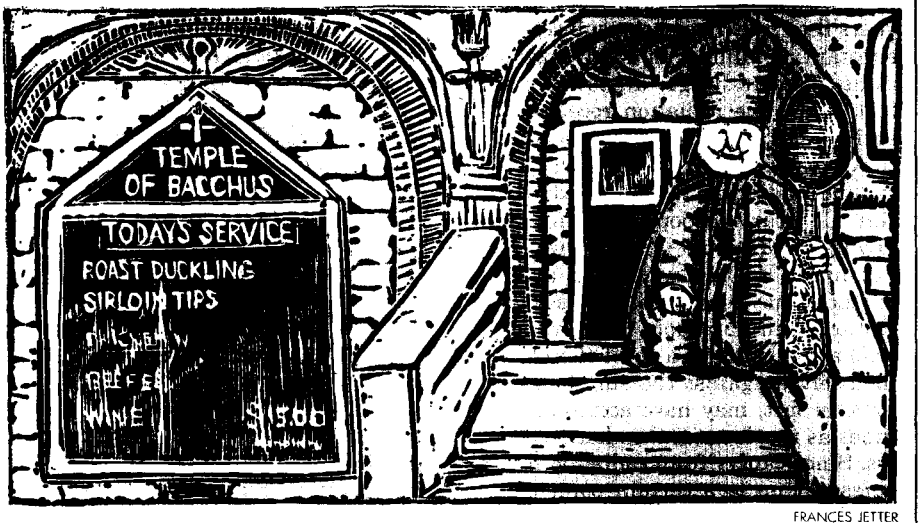
Mothballing and entombing share the virtue of simplicity. In the former method, the radioactive wastes are removed, and the plant then remains untouched, until it is no longer dangerous. Unfortunately, while the plant remains radioactive a 24-hour guard will have to be posted. This expense can be avoided by entombing the entire plant in a thick cement sheath, which would protect passers-by from irradiation.

The main objections to these methods are that they would turn the country into a sort of nuclear Forest Lawn, and, more to the point, the plant won't be safe for a good half a million years (some think more), owing to the presence of radioactive nickel-59.

The third method, favored by the NRC as well as the trade group, is to wait 100 years or so, flood the plant to decrease radioactivity, cut it up into pieces, and bury it deep underground. Whether or not the technology for slicing through 30 inches of steel under water exists is a matter of dispute. But even should this problem be solved, utilities may find it next to impossible to convince local communities to play host to several hundred tons of radioactive steel and cement.

Finally, there is the question of cost, which ultimately appears in the consumer's electricity bill. The only reactor to be decommissioned so far cost $6.9 million to dismantle—and $6 million to build in the first place. After announcing in 1976 that a $1 billion plant could be decommissioned for $13 to 15 million, the Atomic Industry Forum now quotes a $50 million figure. But a study conducted by the Council on Environmental Quality pegged the total at $100 million, and a House subcommittee report concluded that no accurate estimate exists at present. Costs in the nuclear industry have often exceeded initial projections by vast sums.

Doctors recommend that you stay inside for the next 500,000 years.



FRANCES JETTER

The Heavenly Roast

Church supper isn't what it used to be. On Route 1, in Wells, Maine, Cardinal Vincent Morino and Bishop H. Carlisle Estes, high priests of the Temple of Bacchus, serve up roast duckling, sirloin tips, wine, and so forth in exchange for a $15 donation. But the secular citizens of Wells insist on considering the house of worship a restaurant and have been fighting to close it down.

Estes explains that the temple's philosophy is based on the Book of Bacchus, a revelation which he received in 1975. This gospel stipulates that "we worship God by feasting together on all of the things which he has provided us." Estes's bishopric, far from being self-awarded, was granted by the Universal Life Church, a giant mail-order group originating in Modesto, California. He and the cardinal dispense wisdom to the faithful while they dine.

The town, on the other hand, considers the temple a transparent attempt to dodge a zoning ordinance prohibiting restaurants in the area, and has taken the matter to court. The temple has been slowed down to one service per week pending a decision on whether or not the state of Maine ought to recognize it as a religion.

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EDITORIAL

Nuclear Plants and Safety Levels

HARDLY LESS ominous than the radioactive leaks at the Three Mile Island nuclear power station in Pennsylvania was the handling of the episode by plant executives and government spokesmen. One has the impression that the officials may have been less concerned about the need to prevent a public panic than about the need to protect their own positions.

Most unfortunate of all were their arbitrary pronouncements about safe levels of radiation in human tissues. Arbitrary for several reasons. First, it is unscientific to attempt to set standards of radiation safety for a general population. Safety levels vary with the individual. People whose bodies already carry a fairly high burden of radiation cannot afford additional exposure. Over the years they may have been subjected to a substantial number of X-ray examinations of their lungs, digestive tracts, teeth, etc. The radiation received from such exposures is cumulative. Another source of exposure is natural background radiation from the earth and sun. Contrary to popular belief, background radiation is not always innocuous. People who live at high altitudes may receive higher doses of radiation than do people who live at sea level and who make a point of protecting themselves against the sun. Some persons, in fact, may have accumulated 10 times as much natural radiation as others. Since cancer from radiation may be quiescent up to a certain point beyond which it can take off in rapid growth, official statements that radiation leaks cause no harm may mean only that the harm will not be immediately evident.

Another serious flaw in the official pronouncements about safety levels is that they do not take sufficiently into account the special vulnerability of children. Certain radioactive substances have a special affinity for bone and find their way into the growing bodies of children, where they pulse away for years. At the earliest possible moment, therefore, Pennsylvania health officials should institute a systematic program to search for evidence of radioactive contamination of children. While the radiation cannot be eradicated from the bones and tissues of the affected youngsters, it is important that special care be taken not to add to the existing burden.

Especially objectionable is the use of the word *permissible* in government statements about dosages of radiation in humans. It is difficult to imagine a more absurd abuse of authority. By what right does any official presume to "permit" citizens to take radioactivity into their bodies? Radioactivity is a deadly poison. The proper amount of radioactivity inside the human body is no radioactivity. Poison is poison.

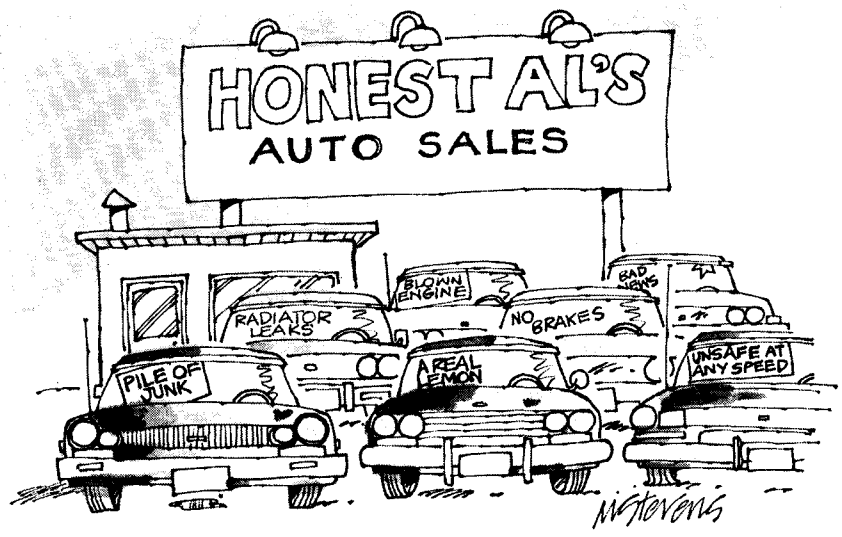
The impression grows that government officials, in their eagerness to solve the energy shortage through nuclear power, have been tilting their arguments in favor of fission energy. It would be refreshing if they took a straightforward position. Suppose they were to say:

"Nuclear fission can provide an abundant source of energy at a time of serious shortage, but the American people are entitled to a frank statement about the hazards involved. There is far less chance of a serious accident in a nuclear plant than in a coal mine. This reduced probability, however, should not lead to the conclusion that nuclear plants are "safer" than coal mines. In a mining disaster, the only people who are subject to serious injury are the workers trapped in the mines. In a serious nuclear accident, the potential victims are not only the workers inside the plant but the entire surrounding population. Should there be a meltdown, the radioactivity would have lethal effects over a wide area, contaminate the water table and vegetation, and affect the conditions of life over thousands of square miles. While the probability of a meltdown is extremely remote, the possibility cannot be ruled out altogether.

"Another problem concerns the disposal of radioactive wastes. For the most part, these wastes can be encased in ceramic tiles or canisters resistant to breakage or leakage. Yet the truth must be faced that no tiles or canisters have yet been devised that will outlive the radioactive poisons they seek to contain. Therefore, it is not accurate to say that human beings can be protected against the effects of these wastes. All that can be said is that later generations will have to pay the price for the way we meet our energy needs today.

"There can be no question that the problems created by the oil shortage can be substantially reduced through widespread production of nuclear power. But we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that the risks are real. The American people must decide."

If such a forthright statement of the case were put before the nation, the American people could then at least engage in a productive debate leading to a knowledgeable decision. But they have not been given full and unbiased information. They have been given stacked arguments and false assurances. They have been led to believe that the probability of a serious accident is about as likely as that of a meteor striking the dome of the U.S. Capitol. They have been told that the radioactive leaks have done no harm. Such deceptions in the long run will not solve the energy crisis; they can lead only to a national disgrace and a national tragedy. —**N.C.**



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One of these men just bought a car that's specially ordered, newly painted, but belongs to someone else.

He got a "really great deal" from "somebody who knew somebody in the business." What the man on the left didn't know was that "the business" was car theft—a $1.7 billion business—one of the most lucrative and costly crimes in the country today. Lucrative for thieves, costly for the rest of us.

Organized car theft rings have found that stealing automobiles is profitable in several ways. Some people arrange to have their cars stolen to collect on the insurance. Then the car is broken up into valuable parts for re-sale. Other people seek to buy used cars at a lower price than offered on the legitimate market, even though they may know something isn't right with the deal.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we want to stop this crime. And so should you, because your auto insurance premiums have to go up to pay for these theft claims.

In several states, concerned citizens are working with law enforcement and insurance personnel to check the spread of auto theft. We applaud and support these efforts and urge you to do the same. Working together, we believe we *can* make a difference and keep automobile insurance affordable.

Here's what we're doing:

- Supporting the National Automobile Theft Bureau, a non-profit organization created by insurance companies to help law enforcement agencies combat auto theft.
- Investigating theft claims more thoroughly.
- Encouraging manufacturers to install improved locking devices.
- Utilizing a system that checks for incorrect or forged vehicle identification numbers.
- Encouraging improvement of state automobile certificate of title laws.
- Informing people what they can do to prevent auto theft.

Here's what you can do:

- Check the title before you buy a used car.
- Support anti-car theft campaigns sponsored by the National Automobile Theft Bureau and by other organizations.
- Take your key and lock your doors. Don't invite trouble.
- Install an anti-theft alarm. You may receive a premium discount.
- Avoid the temptation to make that "really great deal"—you may lose the vehicle and your money.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

An Unserious Almanac, Seriously

NINETEEN SEVENTY-NINE isn't half over, and I've already eaten more than a year's supply of crow, simply because I made a public display of my skepticism over the existence of a certain 19th-century plumber and inventor. I have confessed my folly. Thomas Crapper did, in fact, exist, and several readers were kind enough to send me photographs of his London establishment, which is no longer standing. I also got a letter from Wallace Reyburn, the Englishman who wrote Crapper's biography, *Flushed With Pride.*

Now I have to down still another nibble of corvine ragout, because in the same column I slandered *The People's Almanac*, that meaty compendium of general information written by David Wallechinsky and Irving Wallace. I said that though they mentioned Thomas Crapper as the inventor of the valveless water waste preventer, their citation shouldn't be taken too seriously, since "I was sure that Wallace and son had done *The People's Almanac* mostly for fun and profit and not as a serious reference."

As a result of that remark, I received a much more pleasant letter than I deserved from Irving Wallace saying, among other things,

> We wrote this for fun, for pleasure, yes. But we also wrote and edited it as a serious reference book, done in an unserious way. We felt reference books were too often painfully flat and dull, driving off the very people who should be consulting them. Why, we asked ourselves, couldn't a reference be prepared to entertain as well as inform? So we undertook the first one, and now the second, and are girding ourselves for the third. But profit? No. Had we wanted profit, I would have written two novels in the same time the *Almanac* took, and my son David would have written another oral history like his most successful *What Really Happened to the Class of '65?*

I probably owe an apology to Messrs. Wallechinsky and Wallace for that crack about their almanac's not being a serious reference work. There is neither wit nor wisdom in implying that a work is not to be credited with accuracy simply because it is written "in an unserious way."

One would have to have been almost comatose to have overlooked the fact that Irving Wallace has made a bundle on every book he's written; and his son's *What Really Happened...?* not only sold well as a book, but also had a run as a TV show. So, for saying that they put all that time and energy into compiling an almanac for profit, I deserve top seeding in a chowderhead tournament.

Mr. Wallace's letter sent me back to *The People's Almanac* for a more earnest look. Somewhere there must be people who have read the book from cover to cover, but surely the overwhelming majority have thumbed through parts of it, have been briefly entertained and edified, and then returned to more pressing affairs. I've found the work difficult to use as a reference because of its very unorthodox style and content.

This time, I decided to look up the sort of thing I thought *The People's Almanac*—among all my reference works—might tell me: How good a football player was John Wayne? It tells us when Lucille Ball got pregnant and that a computer was programmed that named Rocky Marciano as the greatest prizefighter of all time, so I thought it reasonable to expect that the *Almanac* might have something on John Wayne as a football player.

Turning to the index, I found no mention of John Wayne—only Henry Wayne. I'd never heard of Henry. I turned to page 625 and read an article titled "The U.S. Camel Corps."

I learned that in 1855 Major Henry Wayne was sent to Europe to study the feasibility of using camels on the great Western plains and deserts. In Italy, he saw 250 camels belonging to the Duke of Tuscany do the work of 1,000 horses. He returned to the United States with 33 camels, and in 1857 the corps reached its peak with 75 of them.

It's an interesting article, about 1,500 words long, and, of course, engagingly written. I'd heard that the army had used camels at some time during its history, but I didn't know just when, nor did I know that the camels had performed remarkably well. I learned more from *The People's Almanac* about the habits, the anatomy, and the prodigious capabilities of camels than I'd ever expected to know.

I shouldn't have said that the *Almanac* isn't to be taken seriously, but that it isn't practical as a serious reference work. It is "prepared to be read for pleasure." Although it has more than 25,000 major entries, the chances are that the one thing you're looking for won't be there. But the chances are excellent that you'll come across something else that will prove at least as interesting.

It reminds me of the times during my college days when I'd go to the library for an article on, say, Alfred North Whitehead in the *Sewanee Review*; my gaze would wander a couple of feet away, and I'd spend the next few hours sitting on the floor reading the entire 1929 output of *The New Yorker*. Alfred North Whitehead could wait, just like John Wayne.

—Thomas H. Middleton

"Sally! Turn off the music!"

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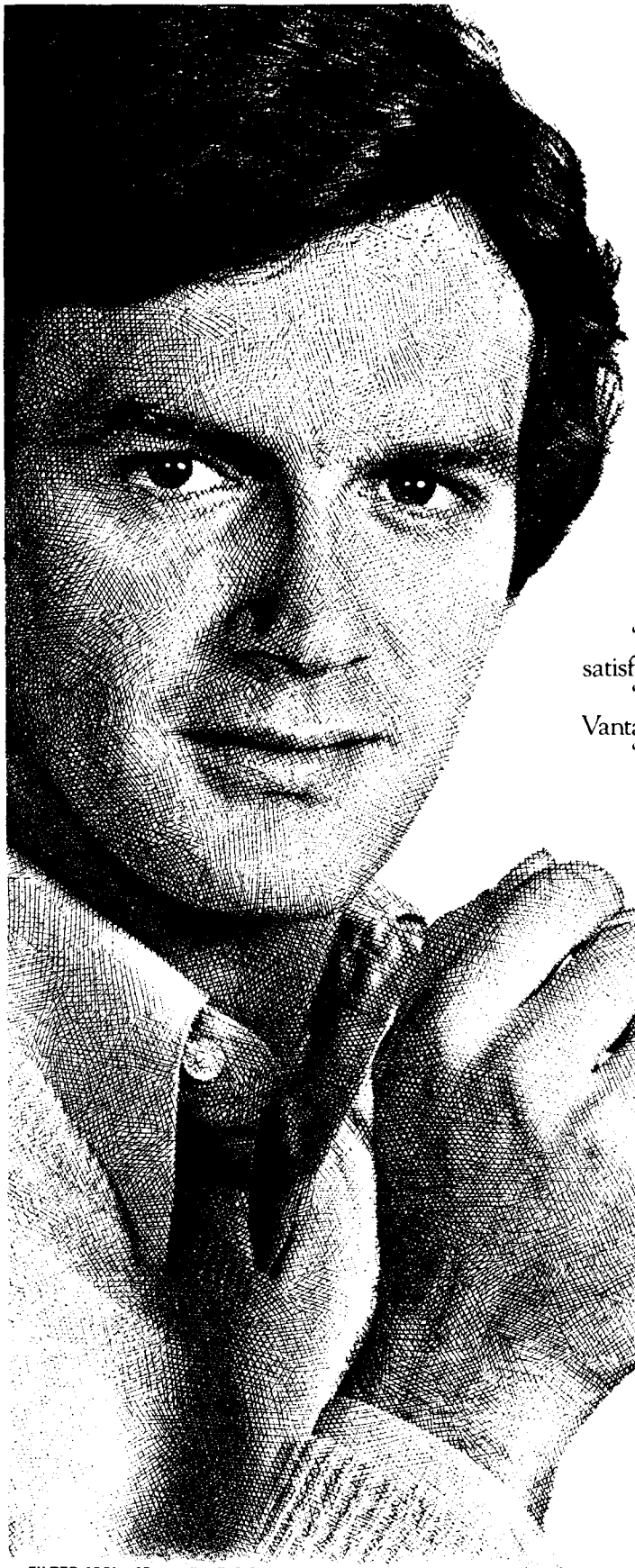


'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

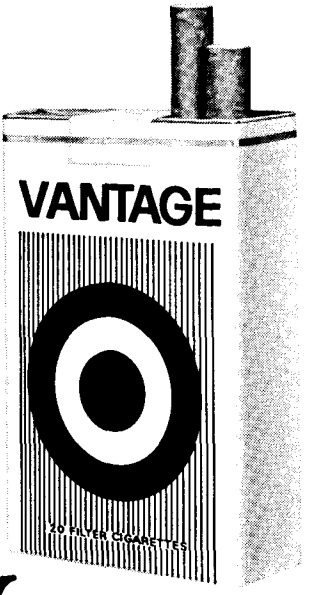
"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

Amateur Standing

TURNING OVER some old, and alas unanswered, correspondence, I have discovered many curt letters which accuse me of "unprofessionalism." These letters are mostly from literary or film agents, and the charge is made usually in respect to contracts I have refused to sign because to do so would have been to sign away my soul; failure to return unsolicited bundles of colorslides which I was requested, through the addition of flavorsome "legends," to turn into a "book"; or unwillingness to season a manuscript novel with violence and sodomy to justify a high agential commission. (Yes, yes, I know that also means a high advance, but, like any good tradesman, I prefer to be paid late rather than early.) I think the time has come to consider what "professional" means.

It has a neutral denotation signifying producing, for a living, work above the artisan or mass-production level. In that sense I am a professional writer. An amateur writes for the sheer love of writing and doesn't look for a material reward. Most poets are amateurs, but very few novelists or scenarists are. Now an amateur may be expected to work at his art only when he has time or when the spirit moves him, while a professional has to work daily for his daily bread.

The practice of writing much begets a certain slickness, an ability to evade or find cunning ways out of technical difficulties, an unwillingness to experiment, since experiments "don't sell," a tendency to self-repetition. There is bound to be a certain loss of "love," since we don't normally love what we are forced to do. Professional work always looked well-finished because it follows the way of orthodox, or "safe," craftsmanship. Because professional work is paid for, it is assumed that it has value. Because amateur work is not paid for, it is assumed that it is not good enough for the market. The money nexus obscures the aesthetic criteria.

Professional art is more highly esteemed than professional law, dentistry, medicine, or agentialism because the creative element is more pronounced there: Indeed, some quality of creativity is essential to professional art, while it may not be found at all in law or orthodontics. Professional art "dares," sometimes almost as much as amateur art, and the more useful professions do not dare to dare. Indeed, members of such professions band together to exclude the daring, and their professionalism is most clearly manifested in their adherence to set forms of conduct.

An artist being a professional, a professional artistic agent expects him to fulfill the same devotion to these set forms. But if the artist behaves like an amateur, indifferent to money, and neglects the surface proprieties on which utilitarian professions are based, then he is reviled, and the worst vilification is the term "unprofessional."

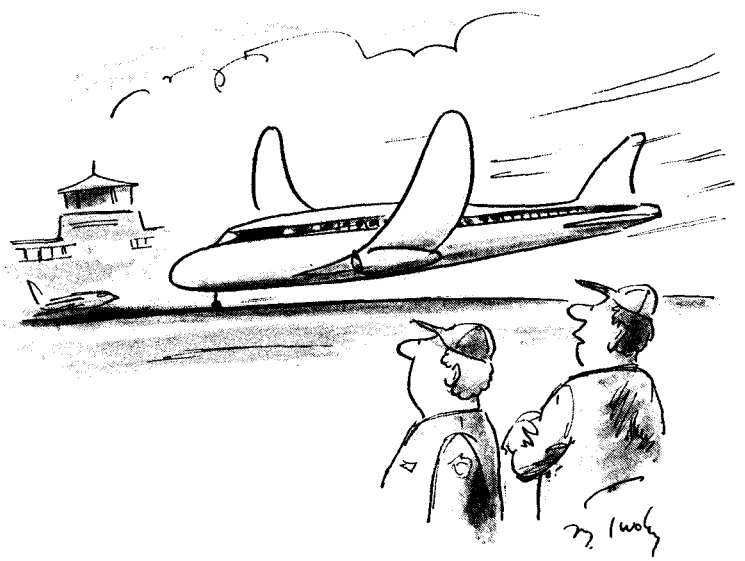
The fact is that it is the word "professional" that should bear the burden of reproach, since, in art, morality, and religion it is inevitably the professionals who hold back progress as "unprofessional," meaning new, original, and daring. The great work of the world has always been done by amateurs.

Jesus Christ was an amateur moralist and theologian. He did not belong to the sacerdotal profession, and the professionals of the Sanhedrin handed him over to the professionals of the Roman punitive arm. Michelangelo Buonarroti was trained as a painter, but left the trade early. He was trained also as a sculptor and did well in that job, but he is remembered no more for the David or Pietá than he is for the Sistine Chapel paintings, some fine architecture, innumerable superb sonnets, and some effective military installations. He was the supreme amateur, and so was Leonardo da Vinci. Nowadays the professional unions would restrict them to a single trade.

Sir Stamford Raffles, a clerk in the East India Company, built the city of Singapore on amateur architecture, amateur law, amateur drainage, amateur education, and amateur mercantilism. An amateur zoologist, he created the London Zoo, which is now in the hands of professionals. H.G. Wells produced a *Short History of the World* in a fine amateur spirit, despite the protests of the professional historians. The creators of the American nation were political amateurs, just as the Pilgrim Fathers were amateur colonialists. President Nixon was a professional politician. Professionalism can condone immorality, as it can condemn humanity and beauty, since professional rules are there for the sustenance of the profession, not for what the profession ultimately stands for.

We have, unfortunately, a term in pretty general opprobrious use, and I must confess to having used it myself; the term is "amateurish." It signifies ill-done, uncraftsmanlike, showing more love than skill. The opprobrium should, of course, really be replaced by that of "professionalish," meaning slickly specious but fundamentally unsound, stereotypical, unadventurous, conventional. These are the terms which spring to our minds when we are faced with bad art. One of the homes of professionalism is Forest Lawn in California, where they will put you down with great professional expertise. Professionalism sits easier with killers and morticians than it does with dying. That is essentially an amateur experience. So, for that matter, is living.

—Anthony Burgess



"Looks like the charter for the American Ballet"

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Spy Versus Spy in Washington

by Jeffrey Stein

IT WAS EXACTLY NOON on a balmy spring day in 1967 when the young man inthe tan suit walked up to an intersection on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Justice Department, put the shopping bag down on the sidewalk beside him, and lit a cigarette. His eyes made a final sweep of the area until they locked on a similarly dressed man sitting with crossed legs at a table in a sidewalk cafe across the street.

Except for their unusually short hair, both men could have been easily mistaken for any of the thousands of young bureaucrats who escape from the federal office buildings along the avenue each lunchtime to quench their boredom in the area's department stores, bars, and restaurants.

But they were not: Both men were nervous spies-in-training on a field exercise from the U.S. Army Intelligence School at Fort Holabird, Maryland. The day's mission was to teach the two—plus some 30 classmates running around other parts of the city—how to pass information clandestinely from one person to another, a key maneuver in the successful espionage agent's repertoire. The men were supposed to exchange their shopping bags at the corner in the middle of the lunchtime throngs, but soon there was a frightening botch.

The agent standing on the sidewalk found only thin air as he reached for his shopping bag. Looking to his left, blood pounding in his temples, he watched another man in a tan suit walk off with it into the crowds. The agent in the cafe collapsed back into his chair.

Whether the story is real or apocryphal is impossible to determine, but it was passed around with the greatest gravity at Fort Holabird. In a further twist, it was even said that the man who walked off with the shopping bag was not a thief, but an agent trainee from the CIA who had accidently walked into the wrong exercise!

The story was bound to show up through a leak or in somebody's memoir sooner or later, for today the Washington press is full of revelations of spying and

FRAN STILES

counterspying, of agents lost and gained, of payoffs, "moles," and murder by foreign secret police.

In short, the black arts of the Cold War are being practiced as fully in the back alleys of Washington, D.C., today as they always have been in places like Berlin, Bonn, Hong Kong, and Paris. The capital of the United States has joined the big leagues of Spookdom.

Strictly in the arena of espionage and counterespionage are the teams of intelligence officers from the CIA and the three military branches (collectively known as the Defense Intelligence Agency). Special departments of the FBI work exclusively on catching foreign spies from their new headquarters in the J. Edgar Hoover Building on Pennsylvania Avenue. Around the corner at the Justice Department, agents from the Drug Enforcement Agency start out on the international narcotics trail.

A special kind of sleuthing is the responsibility of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. In February, a combined team of BATF and FBI agents swooped down on the house of a suburban man who had put together a small arsenal of weapons to send to a Caribbean island embroiled in a revolution.

Retired spooks can sometimes be just as much of a headache for the colleagues they left behind. Many of them set up "covert action"-oriented consulting firms on contract to foreign governments. So it was that Edwin Wilson, a retired CIA officer and veteran of the Bay of Pigs, got in hot water two years ago for using his agency contacts to buy and ship illegal explosives to Libya. Wilson is the president of Consultants International, located three blocks from the White House on K Street NW.

Backing up the agents out on the street are the legions of national security bureaucrats in Washington. There are said to be 20,000 CIA employees headquartered at Langley, Virginia, just across the Potomac River, and perhaps that many National Security Agency workers at nearby Fort Meade, Maryland. Not to be outdone, the State Department has its own Intelligence and Research Bureau. On Capitol Hill, the House and Senate Intelligence committees have a couple of hundred analysts poring over classified matters.

Social problems come with the territory. Lovers can't talk about their work. Want to pick out a national security bureaucrat at a Washington party? He (or she) is the one in the corner smiling

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After months of careful planning, a CIA agent finally managed to break into an embassy, only to find Israeli agents working the place ahead of him.

tightly, sipping cautiously on a single drink for two hours, not saying much. Great company.

The spadework of the spook world continues to have its grisly side, and Washington itself is no longer off-limits for dirty work.

One grim episode occurred on the morning of September 21, 1976, when agents of the Chilean secret police blew up a car being driven by Orlando Letelier through the elegant Embassy Row section of town. Letelier, in exile in the United States, had once been a cabinet officer in the government of socialist President Salvador Allende. His organizing of the Chilean exile community, and lobbying of U.S. and foreign officials, had become intolerable to the military junta that had overthrown the Allende government, so they blew him up. A young American colleague, Ronni Karpen Moffitt, also died in the attack.

The Chilean secret police had been set up with the help of our CIA, as was the South Korean CIA and Iran's notorious SAVAK, all of whom were giving us a lot of trouble. Investigating "friendly" spooks became a full-time job for Congress and the FBI.

THE MAIN target of FBI and CIA counterespionage officials in Washington, of course, is the diplomatic community of the Soviet Union and Eastern European countries. Estimates are that the number of diplomatic and other personnel assigned to this country from Communist nations has tripled—from 2,000 to 6,000—in the past four years. FBI sources say that anywhere from 35 to 60 percent may be intelligence agents, and that there are over 100 KGB operatives roaming Washington alone.

"They are extremely good," says a retired federal official with 25 years of counterespionage experience. The Russians, he says, take special care to keep their operations strictly compartmented from one another, so that a breach by the CIA or FBI doesn't bring down the entire KGB station. "Their security is *very* good," he declares.

A target for both the Soviet intelligence force and the CIA is the diplomatic community of the Third World in Washington. Both sides frequent the diplomatic cocktail circuit—often with a tip of the champagne glass to one another—in search of useful foreign bureaucrats.

After the cocktail parties, the embassies sometimes become the operational territory for a different kind of intelligence specialist: the black-bag men. In their relentless pursuit of information, the rival intelligence services have sometimes seen fit to slip into an embassy at night uninvited to plant a bug or photograph documents. Intelligence specialists and author David Wise described FBI and CIA entries into the Chilean embassy during the Allende years in *The American Police State.*

Another story that has made the rounds of intelligence circles for years makes light of black-bag jobs in general and the CIA in particular.

The basic version is that the CIA decided to mount an illegal entry operation against a certain embassy. (Some people name it as Iran, others Egypt.) After months of careful planning, the CIA man finally got inside, only to find Israelis working over the place ahead of him.

All of this spy activity requires a lot of spy-watching. The Soviets alone have over half a dozen installations around Washington housing about 200 official personnel and their families. Across from some of the locations the FBI maintains discreet watching posts equipped with cameras and electronic listening equipment, such as in the office building opposite the Soviet embassy on 16th Street five blocks from the White House.

A new Soviet embassy is being built in the upper Georgetown section of Washington, but the FBI seems prepared for that as well. People living in high-rise apartment buildings around the construction site report that they have been approached by FBI agents in search of help to keep an eye on the Russians.

The embassies of the Communist countries are only in the largest and most secure home bases for the intelligence operatives. U.S. officials say that as many as half the Soviet newsmen working out of the TASS offices in the National Press Building in downtown Washington may be KGB agents. Others work under cover of their national airlines, such as the Soviet Aeroflot, which has an office next to the embassy as well as at Dulles Airport in Virginia.

Neither is the CIA limited to its plush, forested campus in Langley. There are warrens of CIA offices in the new glass-and-steel high-rise buildings directly across from Georgetown in Rosslyn, Virginia; on the military grounds of Fort McNair; and in various buildings scattered throughout downtown Washington—perhaps 20 or more in all.

Foreign police, many from Latin America's most brutal military dictatorships, used to receive CIA training in secret offices in the heart of fashionable Georgetown, in a building which also housed an antique automobile museum called the "Car Barn," until Congress shut it down a few years ago.

Until very recently, the CIA maintained "a telecommunications facility" at 3238 M Street smack in the middle of Georgetown's most elegant restaurant district. The office site was exquisitely picked. The address is actually a narrow alley whose red brick walls provide the unwanted intruder no escape. Only one door opens onto a single wooden landing in the alley, guarded by tilted mirrors allowing someone above to know who is at the door.

The CIA doesn't expect that all of its downtown locations can be kept entirely secret, and some operate under much deeper cover than others. Everybody who wanted to, for example, knew that the CIA owned Air America, the charter service for Laotian missionaries in the "Secret War," and that its offices were at 1725 K Street NW. ("We're in liquidation," a woman told me upon a visit there in February, without the slightest hint of irony.)

A CIA man recently apologized for not telling a friend about his office in one of the new federal office buildings at the foot of Capitol Hill, on the other hand, "because we'd like to keep it a secret for just a *little* while."

Two years ago, a minor flap developed when one secret CIA office downtown caught on fire. When the fire trucks arrived, the CIA people wouldn't let the firefighters in at first, provoking a potential holocaust on the block.

OUTSIDE OF THE embassies and offices, intelligence sources report, Washington becomes a virtual playpen for agents. Inside the city itself are the miles upon miles of public parkland suitable for brief meetings of agents. Rock Creek Park, with its jogging paths, benches, and footbridges over the gurgling stream that winds through the city, is a favorite place for agents in need of a brief, discreet meeting or pass of information. A wildly improbable but favorite meeting place for the KGB and its contacts at one time, a retired federal investigator says, was the foot of the Washington Monument. Almost always clogged with tourists, the milieu was apparently conducive to an unobtrusive pass of material.

But the city's biggest asset for those who ply the espionage trade, besides the information itself, is its multiracial, multicultural landscape. "A white man trying to make a contact in many areas of Latin America has a lot of problems to start with," says a former senior CIA operative. "In Washington, on the other hand, you've got large numbers of people from all over, speaking all kinds of lan-

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Divisions within the intelligence community have led to a 'mole war.' Former CIA director William Colby even took to announcing, 'I am not a mole.'

guages. You can blend in."

After work, emissaries from U.S. and foreign intelligence services have their favorite watering holes around the city. Generally upper-class, they all seem to prefer the more cushy joints. Except for the Russians. "They liked the Hot Shoppes" (a Marriot chain of cafeterias), an FBI man smiled.

A notoriously favored place for all kinds of operatives in the city—intelligence agents, mercenaries, gunrunners, private eyes, and the like—is the Class Reunion on H Street N W, near the White House.

It seemed a good place to meet Bill Schaap. "If you hadn't shown for another 10 minutes, I was going to start thinking I was set up to be iced," said Schaap as I pulled up a bar stool. Schaap is the editor of "Covert Action Information Bulletin," the stated goal of which is "to expose CIA personnel whenever and wherever we find them." Schaap's collaborator in this prickly venture is Philip Agee, once an operative for the CIA, now one of its most fierce critics.

In the corner, the jukebox oozed a 30-year-old Frank Sinatra torch song. At the table next to it, a mournful-looking, long-legged brunette sat alone, one hand cupping a drink, the other lifting a cigarette to her lips. A government I.D. hung from a chain around her neck.

"CIA?" asked a man at the next table, evidently making a pass.

She stirred her drink with a finger.

"No. D.O.D.," she said, her mouth parting with the hint of a smile. A few minutes later, he joined her at the table.

Schaap, 35, started out with a Wall Street firm after law school at the University of Chicago. Activism during the Vietnam War eventually led to his association with Agee and the publication of the bulletin, starting last fall. Former CIA Director John McCone calls the work of Agee and other CIA critics "more damaging than that of the most serious defectors."

Schaap isn't fazed by the barbs. "Terrific," he says.

"When the first issue of the bulletin came out, there were nasty phone calls, death threats, and lots of heavy breathing," Schaap added. "We assume everywhere we work is bugged."

He stirred his drink. "There was a funny incident the other day. We met this guy from *Time* magazine at a hotel. When we walked out on the sidewalk later, a guy walked up, took our picture, and disappeared down a side street. *That* was a little bizzare."

Schaap and his colleagues occupy the most militant quarters of a definable anti-CIA establishment that has grown up in Washington over the past several years. Across the green from the Capitol itself are the offices of the Center for National Security Studies, whose director is Morton Halperin, a former Kissinger aide. The offices also house the Campaign for Political Rights, formerly known as the Campaign to Stop Government Spying.

To counter the growing legion of church and civic groups concerned about CIA and FBI abuses, an anti-anti-CIA lobby has developed here as well. Leading the pack is the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, headquartered in McLean, Virginia, and founded five years ago by David Phillips, a career covert CIA operative. Claiming 2,500 members, the AFIO publishes an eight-page newsletter called "Periscope" and sponsors annual conventions of retired spooks.

A more academic version of the AFIO has recently been put together by former CIA Deputy Director Ray S. Cline and other former CIA and military officials. Dubbed the "National Intelligence Study Center," one of its goals is to "act as a catalyst in encouraging the writing and public dissemination of serious books on intelligence...." Serious books with a particular kind of flavor, one may presume. "This is not a CIA whitewash operation," Cline volunteered in a telephone conversation.

Both organizations have been set up to counter the anti-CIA mood which has swept over the country during the 1970s as a result of congressional investigations and books by disaffected former intelligence officers. The current arena of struggle is again Congress, where new charters are being written for the intelligence agencies.

On the fringe of these groups, acting predominantly as social clubs and conduits of favorable information to friendly solons on the Hill, are the Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI and the Association of Federal Investigators.

SUCH ORGANIZATIONS represent only the most visible actors in a private drama which has come to dominate the Washington press for the past few years, a drama that accounts for what seems to be a flood of spy stories. Of course, espionage news has always been manipulated by the intelligence community. After all, how would they make their way into the press unless the FBI or CIA wanted them there? The KGB turns out to be handy at budget time. But the new wrinkle is that the battle is internecine; the attempts of two sides of the intelligence community to discredit each other has resulted in a "mole war," in which charges of counterespionage have gone flying back and forth, and into the press.

James Angleton, dumped unceremoniously from the post of chief of counterintelligence in 1974, has been dropping broad hints to favored journalists about the presence of a "mole" in the highest ranks of the CIA. The chief target of Angleton's attacks, former CIA director William Colby, tried to put a lighter touch on the infighting. "I am not a mole," he began to deadpan at Washington dinner parties last fall.

Meanwhile, allegations of defectors in our midst have become regular fare. Late last summer, William Kampiles, a disaffected CIA clerk, was convicted of selling the super-secret KH-11 spy manual to a KGB officer. Soon afterward, when John Paisley, a retired CIA expert of Soviet weaponry, apparently committed suicide, Washington was abuzz with rumors that the corpse was not Paisley, who was, in fact, resting safely in the Kremlin.

What is happening is that the intelligence community, racked by dissension over basic policy issues and torn up by massive personnel cuts under the spotlight of repeated investigations and accusations, has turned upon itself.

On one side are those who would like to see the CIA led back to the halcyon days of unchecked derring-do, gloved hands free for a new era of coups and "discreet help to friends" when the trumpet calls. On the other side are those, like William Colby, who think a charter spelling out exactly what the agency can and can't do would be a good thing, a necessary precondition for the CIA to slip quietly back into relative anonymity ... and effectiveness.

But trying to figure out what spooks are up to is often like seeing underwater. Perhaps James Angleton had that in mind as he talked about a favorite sport one night in his living room—trout fishing.

"It doesn't matter whether you hook him," he says of the elusive fish, whose favorite hiding spot is in the dark shadows under the river banks. "It only matters when he takes the line, even if he later drops it, that you've beaten him. And he knows he's been beaten.

"That's the whole point of the game."◉

Jeffrey Stein is a Washington writer specializing in national security issues.

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THE MIRACLE OF JAPAN

How the Post-War Was Won

by Ezra Vogel

AMERICANS WERE ONCE accustomed to thinking of Japan as an impressive but rather diminutive offspring of Allied reconstruction efforts after World War II. "Made in Japan" meant little more than jerry-built, at low cost with cheap labor. But the days of condescension are over: Today Japan is the world's foremost economic power. Last year the Japanese manufactured one and a half times as much per capita as Americans. While for the first time in decades our exports of industrial goods fell behind our imports, Japan exported $75 billion more of industrial goods than it imported. Japan's investment rate, as well as its GNP growth rate, is more than twice ours and its research and development efforts are growing much more rapidly than our own. Its workers, contrary to our old stereotype, are effectively better paid than our own. And its performance in educating the population, minimizing disparities of income, reducing the crime rate, and increasing the length of human life is substantially ahead of America's. These differences will have far more profound consequences than we have begun to imagine.

Considering the nature and scope of Japan's successes, it is remarkable how little interest Americans have shown in profiting from the Japanese example. As Japanese institutions begin to function more effectively than foreign ones, many Japanese now return from foreign study tours discouraged that they found so little to learn, but they still scour the world for useful lessons or hints of lessons; when American institutions lag behind, America is still unprepared to learn from countries outside Europe.

JAPAN HAS HAD to overcome a number of disadvantages; if it were part of the United States, it would be our fifth largest state in area. A population of 115,000,000, half the size of the U.S., lives in this area, making Japan the most densely populated major country in the world. About one-sixth of its land is arable, and even with high productivity per acre, well over 30 percent of its food supplies must be imported. With virtually no petroleum, iron ore, coal, or other mineral resources, Japan is dependent on imports for almost 85 percent of its energy resources. It imports more timber from North America than it produces. Producing Japanese foodstuffs requires more farmland in America than is available in Japan. From 1945 to 1947, as 6 million soldiers and civilians, some of whom had been overseas for decades, returned to be supported by the home islands, food shortages and malnutrition were widespread. One might properly wonder, as many Japanese did, whether a country the size of Montana with virtually no physical resources could support over 100 million people.

By 1952, when the Allied occupation ended, Japan had almost recovered its prewar levels of production, but its gross national product was little more than one-third that of France or the United Kingdom. By the late 1970s the Japanese GNP was as large as the United Kingdom's and France's combined and more than half the size of America's. The Japanese were producing approximately as much steel as the United States, but in more modern and efficient plants. In 1978, of the world's 22 largest modern blast furnaces, none was in the United States and 14 were in Japan. With more modern plants and higher productivity, Japanese steel was outcompeting American steel in American as well as foreign markets. Making good use of its comparative advantage first in labor costs, then in economics of scale, modern technology, and organization, Japan built up highly competitive industries in field after field.

In the early 1950s Japanese radios, tape recorders, and hi-fi equipment were less competitive than their American counterparts, but before long they dominated the market. The Japanese watch industry eclipsed the justly famous Swiss watch industry. The British motorcycle industry was virtually eliminated by the Japanese, and of the several most successful motorcycle companies in America, only one, Harley-Davidson, is non-Japanese. The German dominance in camera and lens production before World War II has given way to the Japanese. In optical equipment the Japanese are similarly dominant. Even in fields remote from Japanese tradition Japanese companies often outperform their Western counterparts. By the 1970s the sales of Steinway and other American piano manufacturers were no match for Yamaha; Muramatsu's Western flutes were competing

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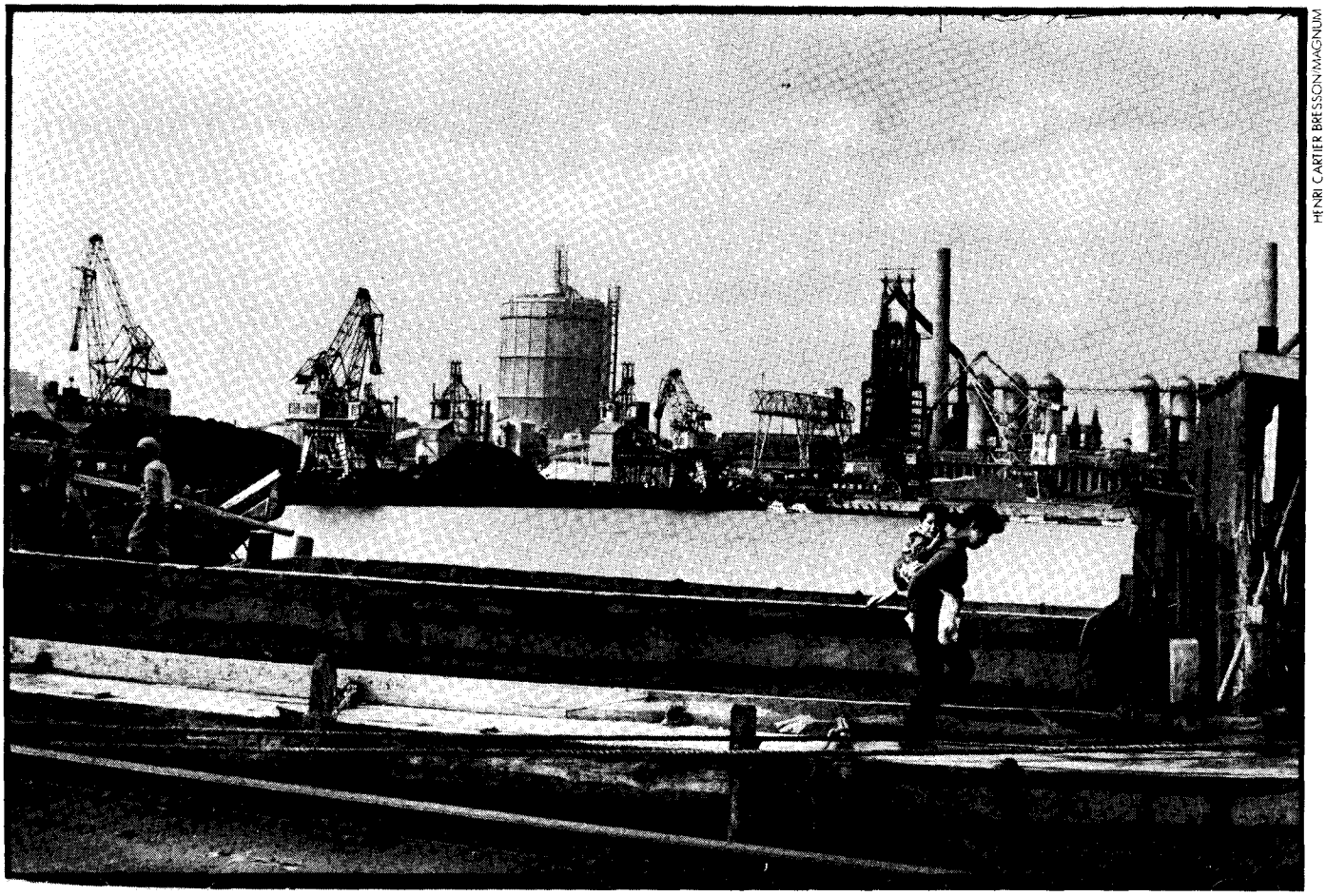

HENRI CARTIER BRESSON/MAGNUM

The Tabata ironworks—In 1976 Japan's exports of industrial goods exceeded her imports by $75 billion.

favorably with American ones. Japanese dominance extended into such diverse fields as bicycles, ski equipment, snowmobiles, cut pottery, and zippers. In the late 1970s, as the cost of new Japanese ships ran 20 to 30 percent lower than European ones, European countries were forced to resort to nonmarket mechanisms to limit the number of ships purchased from Japan. This forced Japanese shipbuilding companies, in the wake of the oil crisis, to operate at much less than capacity, but even then Japan outdid Europe and America combined, for it produced about 50 percent of the world's shipping tonnage.

In 1958 Japan produced fewer than 100,000 passenger cars, and through the early 1970s Volkswagen was the major foreign-car exporter to the United States. Soon thereafter, Toyota's and then Nissan's (Datsun) American sales surpassed the German manufacturer. By 1978 Volkswagen had fallen behind Honda, the third-place Japanese exporter to the United States. During 1977 Japan exported over 4½ million cars, while America exported only a small fraction of that number. Japan sold almost 2 millions cars in America, while about 15,000 American-produced cars were sold in Japan. If market forces alone were operating, Japanese-car exports would have increased substantially in 1978, but Japan chose to restrain its exports artificially to avoid political repercussions in Europe and America.

The effort to explain these Japanese successes as a result of cheap labor is out-of-date, for by 1978, with devaluation of the dollar, Japanese wages were slightly higher than those in the United States. If anything, modernization of facilities and productivity increases are more important in explaining Japanese superiority. Economist Dale Jorgenson surveyed various factors in industrial production and concluded that, on the average, the modernity of technology used in Japanese manufacturing had edged past the United States by 1973. In 1975 one Japanese worker could produce cars worth about 1,000 English pounds every nine days, whereas at Britain's Leyland Motors a worker took 47 days to produce as much. In 1976 none of the major European car producers (Fiat, Renault, or Volkswagen) was able to produce as many as 20 cars per man-year of labor, but Nissan employees produced 42 cars per man-year and Toyota turned out 49. In 1962 the Japanese produced roughly 100 tons of steel per worker, compared to 400 in England; but by 1974 Japanese productivity in steel was estimated to be two to three times that of England. By 1976 a typical Japanese worker in a ball-bearing factory produced about three and one-half times as much as a worker in RHP, the leading English manufacturer.

One measure of Japanese and American competitiveness is in the trade balance. America's trade imbalance with Japan is approaching $10 billion a year, with few signs of abatement, despite dollar devaluation and political pressure. But if anything, the imbalance understates Japanese industrial competitiveness, for much of America's exports are in agricultural products and raw materials. Japan's trade policy until the late 1960s was among the most protectionist in the world, and that once greatly impeded American attempts to penetrate Japanese markets. But the primary reason for the trade imbalance, as the Boston Consulting Group's 1978 study for the United States Treasury Department has shown, lies not in Japan's protectionism but in America's inferior competitiveness and lack of interest in cultivating exports to Japan.

The extent of Japanese superiority over the United States in industrial competitiveness is underpublicized in America. But the true state of affairs was reflected by a high official of a leading Japanese research center who privately acknowledged that the United States, with its highly competitive agricultural sector, has by now taken the place of Japan's

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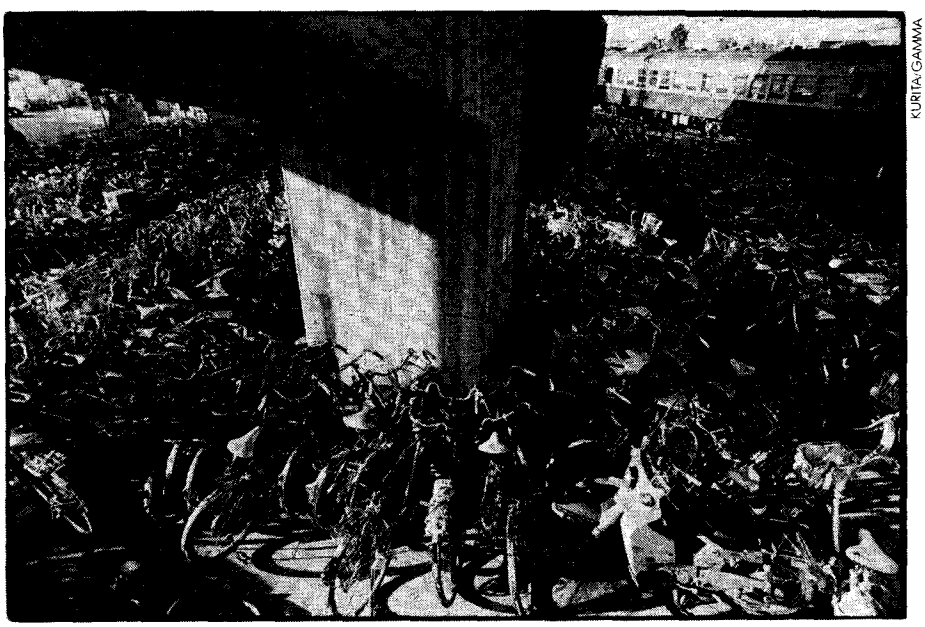
J.P. LAFFONT-SYGMA

The hourly relaxation break—Far more than Americans, the Japanese are able to find satisfaction within large groups.

prewar colonies, supplying agricultural products and raw materials to a superior modern industrial machine.

In international trade, the Japanese have had to learn to communicate in English and to adopt patterns of trade developed and originally dominated by Western countries. Despite these obvious disadvantages, the Japanese have begun to dominate international commerce as they dominate industrial production. Mitsubishi Trading Company, Mitsui Bussan, Sumitomo Trading, C. Itoh, Marubeni, and Nissho Iwai are rivaled only by each other, not by any foreign trading company. For example, these six companies, to say nothing of other large Japanese trading companies, conduct over half the two-way trade between the United States and Japan. Because of their superior information and contacts around the world, a sizable portion of international trade not involving Japan is now channeled through these large trading firms.

DURING THE 1950S, economic success was partly at the expense of the Japanese consumer, and the social infrastructure for wage raises lagged behind growth and productivity increases. However, in recent years per capita income and ownership of consumer goods have grown about as fast as the GNP, and therefore far more rapidly than in other countries. So striking has been the growth in consumer purchasing power that foreigners in Japan now have difficulty maintaining the standard of living of their Japanese counterparts without special allowances, and Japanese in America consider luxury goods and restaurants very moderate in price.



KURITA-GAMMA

When pollution threatened, city-dwellers turned in their cars for bicycles.

Transportation and communications systems within Japan are rapidly pulling ahead of their Western counterparts. With short distances Japanese use fewer airplanes than Americans. In rail transport the Shinkansen bullet-train from Tokyo to Kyoto, opened in 1964, is more rapid and comfortable than anything the United States is currently considering even on the most heavily traveled routes. In 1977, however, America purchased some of this 15-year-old technology.

With the extraordinary movement of Japanese from the countryside to the city after World War II and the unparalleled rapidity of change caused by industrialization and westernization, one might expect social disorganization to be immense, for the strain on many people has been substantial. It is difficult to find meaningful cross-cultural measures of social disruption, but one such indicator is the extent of crime. Observers note that people feel safe walking anywhere in Japan at all hours of the night. To an extent that would shock Americans, the Japanese carry a great deal of cash with them because they pay large bills with cash rather than checks. Taxicab drivers give no indication of worrying about their personal safety. These subjective judgments are supported by the data available. Americans studying Japanese crime records, which are more complete than American records, indicate that around 1960 the rates for major crimes such as homicide, assault, theft, and rape were several times higher in America than in Japan. From 1960 to 1973 American crime rates rose 110 percent and other modern countries' crime rates went up also, except for Japan, where they declined further.

One might suspect that the Japanese neglected culture and education in their

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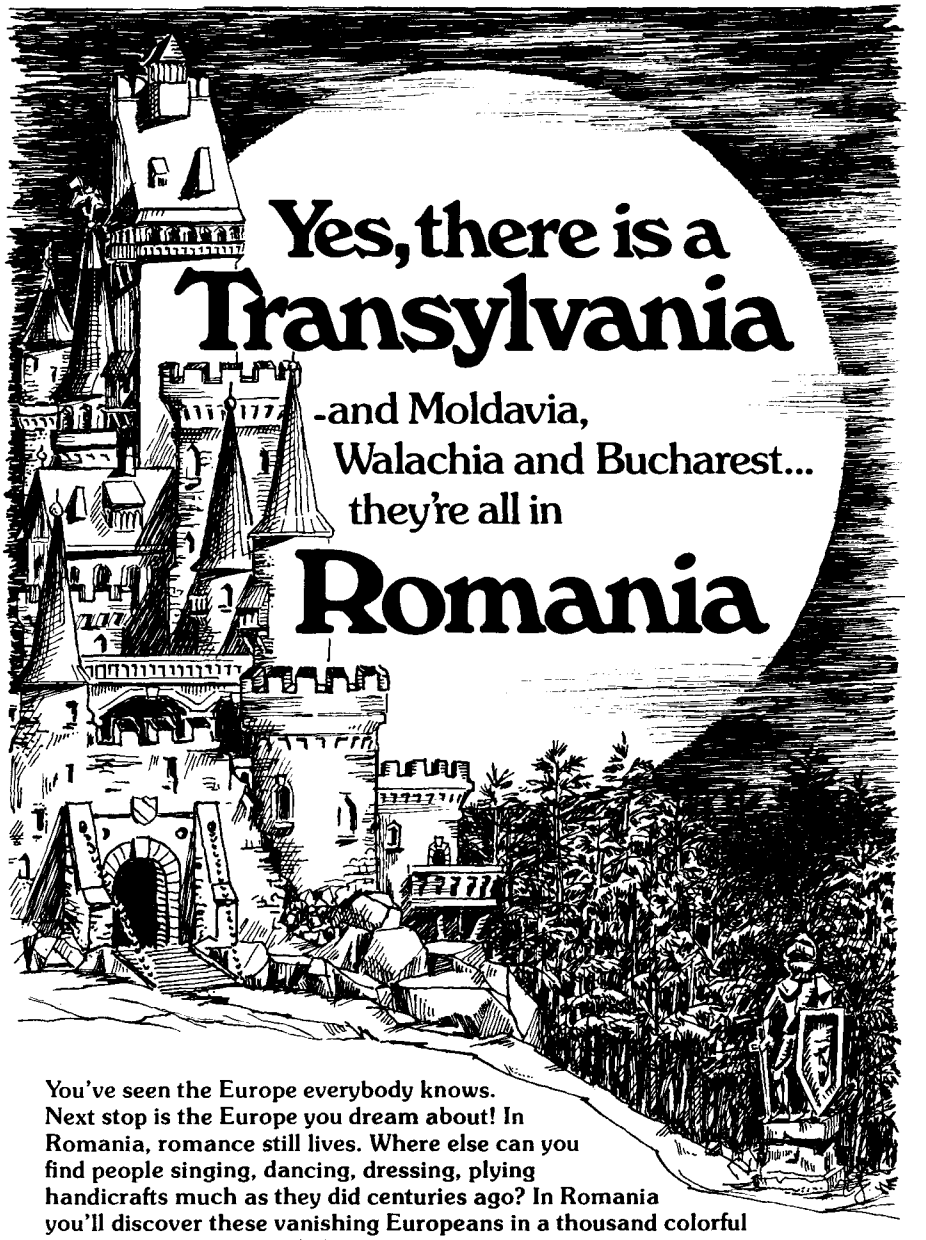
efforts to obtain rapid economic growth, but if anything, cultural imports have proceeded as rapidly as technological imports and have been diffused among the population with equal speed. Japan leads the world in percentage of young people who complete high school, about 90 percent.

Westerners familiar with the Japanese educational system observe that Japanese students, on the average, are more familiar than most Western students with world history and current events. In mathematics and science, the only areas where there is reliable quantitative information on comparative international skills, Japanese youth substantially outperform their counterparts in modern Western nations. The Japanese also rank high in music and artistic capacity and in physical agility. The Japanese young people's knowledge of English far surpasses the American students' knowledge of a foreign language, although their knowledge of spoken English cannot compare with that of most Europeans. But given that virtually no Japanese knew English in 1945, the progress of Japanese in learning a foreign language within a generation has perhaps been unique among large nations, and the progress continues apace.

With an industrial output that rivals the United States and surpasses the Soviet Union in such a small area, the Japanese have confronted a most severe pollution problem. Since the early 1970s, when the problem gained prominent attention, the Japanese have responded with pioneering techniques now being studied by Americans seeking new solutions to their pollution problems. The standards for pollution control for new plants and the amount spent on pollution control by the mid-1970s surpassed that of any other country. By the late 1970s the most serious sources of pollution had been substantially reduced; for example, American and European auto manufacturers had to make special appeals to be allowed to sell new cars in Japan, since they did not meet Japanese standards for emission, which by the late 1970s were the most rigorous in the world.

The Japanese national health insurance program does not offer high benefits by Western European standards. But by the mid-1970s Japan had the lowest infant-mortality rate of any country in the world. Perhaps the best overall measure of a nation's health system is the longevity of the population. In 1955 Japan's average life expectancy was over four years shorter than America's. By 1967 Japan's average life expectancy surpassed America's, and in 1977 it surpassed Sweden's to become the longest of any nation in the world.

The question of satisfaction with life



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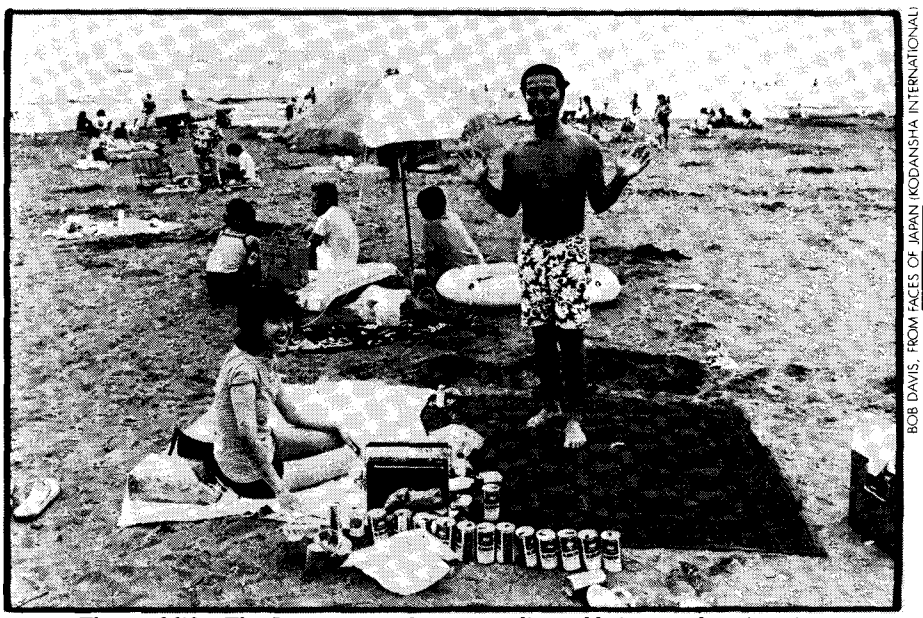
'We must restrain the use of adversary relations if we are to avoid the divisiveness that makes cooperation for mutual benefit untenable.'

requires more subjective judgments. It is tempting to dismiss the Japanese as automatons who know nothing but work. According to the *1977 International Labor Organization Yearbook of Labor Statistics*, in 1976 the average American work week was 40.0 hours and Japan's average work week was 40.2 hours. If one took full account of unreported overtime, a typical Japanese may work an average of three or four more hours a week, but even then the total work week is not out of the range of Western European countries. Those who have observed Japanese families and other groups in private have concluded that in zest for life, delight in carefree relaxation, and enthusiasm for recreation, the Japanese are no lag-



BOB DAVIS, FROM FACES OF JAPAN (KODANSHA INTERNATIONAL)

The good life—The Japanese now have more disposable income than Americans.

gards. As they say of themselves, they like to work hard and to play hard. Many thoughtful Americans visiting Japan express amazement at the tidiness of urban facilities, the reliability of public transportation, the courtesy of commercial personnel, the affluence of department stores, the quality of restaurants and the virtual absence of derelicts and alienated slums. They end by wondering, like Japanese visitors to America, why Americans cannot make their cities and their organizations work as well.

IT WOULD NOT be easy to transfer to America practices based on a different tradition, as Japan and other developing nations found when they brought Western patterns to their countries. Even if America borrows fewer ideas and institutions from Japan than Japan borrowed from us, it is unlikely that the process can be controlled easily by planning. Given this caveat, if America wanted not only to profit from individual lessons in various spheres but to develop an integrated program for profiting from Japan's experience, what would be its most critical features?

An industrial and trade policy. In the past, America's economic philosophy has been to preserve the free operation of the marketplace, and it may be that market forces could eventually correct imbalances and adjust for the rapid decline of American industries being lost to other countries. However, the world can no longer tolerate the human, social, and political consequences of waiting for these market forces to reach a new equilibrium.

Rather than escape from the marketplace into state socialism, Japan accepts the ultimate value of market forces, but aims to hasten institutional adjustment to long-term trends while easing the human readjustments necessitated by changing economic forces. Japan provides crucial research and financial resources to assist key developments in the national interest when private sources are inadequate. We too should make an effort to distinguish those industries in our country that can be competitive on the world market and to support them through tax policy, monetary policy, antitrust policy, and administrative cooperation. We should make an effort to provide temporary cushions for those industries such as textiles that cannot remain competitive. We should not wait for legal action to show that damage has been done to declining industries, but should guide them in reducing their capacity gradually while personnel are being retrained and relocated. In our trade negotiations, instead of spending our political capital on the defense of small, dying industries, we should defend the large, strong industries that can be effective in the future. We should create enough awareness of these overall problems in business and labor circles and provide them with a steadier, more predictable government policy.

A small core of permanent high-level bureaucrats. The capacity to provide long-range direction to society requires a continuity of leadership at high levels, a leadership that has the power and responsibility to oversee specific areas of activity, whether in foreign policy, finance, energy, environment, transportation, or regional planning. Great issues require long-time horizons and continuity before solutions are found; it is not possible to pursue long-term policies when all key personnel change every two to four years. The issues are sufficiently complex that bright, noncareer outsiders brought in by changing political leaders cannot match a small core of highly able, dedicated professionals who have been given the best possible training, have been exposed to the most progressive thinking of private and governmental groups in America and abroad, and have been seasoned as junior officials working on problems they will face as they acquire greater responsibilities.

A communitarian vision. In bygone days of more genuinely free enterprise, the model of the independent trader or businessman, like that of the cowboy, was not only appealing but appropriate. As George Lodge has noted in *The New American Ideology*, business leaders now recognize that this model is no longer appropriate in an era when large organizations confront complex problems, but they nevertheless lament the loss of our individualistic past. Americans tend to think of the organization as an imposition, as an outside force restraining the free individual. Japanese from an early age are taught the values of group life. They learn to make school life and the life of work organizations more pleasurable. Employees come into their workplace on vacations and weekends, in large part, because they enjoy the camaraderie. In contrast, while Americans acknowledge the need for large organizations, we have yet to tame them; the communitarian values so essential for successful group living, which we once treasured in our villages, have not been revitalized in modern cities and complex organizations.

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At the organizational level, we need to give more flexibility to universities, companies, and government offices; responsible people in these organizations are now more often concerned with satisfying scores of special regulations or avoiding lawsuits than with accomplishing the overall purpose of their organization. To achieve the purpose for which regulations were created, Americans would do well to follow the Japanese model and rely on moral suasion, on creating a consensus of concerned people who can exert their positive influence. Without this moral force, regulations cannot fully accomplish their original purpose. At all levels, from the individual to the highest government offices, we must restrain the use of adversary relations if we are to avoid the divisiveness that makes cooperation for mutual benefit untenable.

Aggregation of interests. Complex problems of international trade negotiations, energy policy, pollution control, and readjustment of declining industries now require high levels of cooperation between companies within a given industrial sector and between the companies and the American government. Antitrust legislation should be adjusted to encourage this cooperation, and flexible administrative rather than rigid legal procedures should be found for dealing with the dangers of monopoly and oligopoly not in the public interest. The legal risks of working together now encourage companies to make individual arrangements with the bureaucracy and politicians, thus weighting down the government with special concessions. This makes it impossible for any group to represent common purposes against a single well-organized group not acting in the interests of the majority. Branches of government in various sectors should welcome the cooperation of independent companies under them and should work with these associations on issues of overall public interest.

When the USSR put up Sputnik, it was a great boon to American science and American education because we responded to the challenge positively. As Americans become aware of Japan's superiority, it would be easy to go the path of complacency, protectionism, and nativism. Nothing could be more self-defeating. Let us hope we use the challenge to respond more positively, to work to revive our own country, just as Japan used the challenge of the West to spur its own impressive success. ◉

Ezra Vogel is chairman of the Council on East Asian Studies at Harvard University. He is the author of Japan as Number One *(published by Harvard University Press), from which this article has been adapted.*

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The Palmy Pacific

GAUGUIN AND GAUGUIN, Stevenson and Maugham, Michener and Melville all have sought sun-swept nirvanas: the turquoise lagoon; the palms that shine silver against the sun; the mango-studded languidity; the flower-scented obsession that Twain insisted lived in his nostrils 20 years after the blossoms had died. Travelers of lesser talents of expression but possessed of similar dreams have followed the trail ever since. Oddly, these islands have become an oasis in a cost-inflated world—a half-priced paradise in which fares to Australia have dropped by as much as 60 percent. A week-long idyll in Tahiti is to cost $500. New Zealand can still serve a $6 T-bone and a $10 lobster, Manila can provide a $35 first-class hotel room. These and other pleasures are chronicled on the pages that follow, along with an advisory that Indian cuisine, that exotic nourishment of the East, has become the new culinary chic of the West. H.S.

She'll Take Manila

by Patricia Brooks

LIKE DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, I, too, have returned to the Philippines, and keep returning every chance I get—though, unlike MacArthur, I have yet to wade ashore at Leyte.

Recently I, along with other tourists, have been wading the other way—*from* the shore into the clear China Sea, to swim, snorkel, and scuba-dive at several of the new resorts that are beginning to be developed in these Pacific islands.

It's about time. The Philippines are a natural for such resort development—some 7,000 islands (many of them miniscule to be sure) with miles and miles of unexploited sandy beaches in balmy (and palmy) tropical surroundings of enormous beauty and even-keeled climate (warm-to-hot, but always relieved by cooling sea breezes).

What has hindered such development in the past has been several decades of shaky governments (since independence in 1946), a one-time Communist-led insurgency, brigandage, inadequate funds to deal with more pressing post-World War II economic problems, corruption, and finally, since 1972, martial law.

PATRICIA BROOKS

Punta Balarte—"Tropical delight."

Martial law is still in effect, though the midnight-to-6 AM curfew that prevailed for several years has been lifted. ("It got crime off the streets all right," a Manila wag told me, "and into the bedrooms." Evidently more than a few married men used the curfew as an excuse to spend nights with their *queridas* [mistresses], later blaming their all-night absences from home on the curfew.)

Ironically, the one-man rule of President Ferdinand Marcos has led to a surface stability which is encouraging both local and foreign investment. The government has recently given tourism a high priority, targeting Manila's improvement as Stage One, to be followed by resort development, or Stage Two. Marcos's road-improvement program, essential to new resorts on the main island of Luzon, is already under way.

That Stage One is well on *its* way is

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quickly apparent to *any* Manila visitor these days and downright boggling to returnees like me, whose periodic visits go back 26 years. The city's single notable hostelry was the stately but saggy Manila Hotel, and the Manila Bay skyline was scarred by rusted war-memoried ship hulks. The once-grand Dewey (later renamed Roxas) Boulevard was a ghost-riddled thoroughfare of shrapnel-pocked prewar mansions. Weapons checkpoints at the edge of town were a protective measure against the ever-encroaching Hukbalahap dissidents who were raising hell with constabulary forces throughout central Luzon. Those times seem like never-never land in contrast to the Manila of this moment.

Today's Manila, now called Metropolitan or Metro Manila, I have just discovered, is a nexus of four cities and 13 municipalities, with a total population of over eight million (from one million in 1953). For the tourist this means 12 new five-star hotels, dozens of attractive restaurants, shopping complexes, 30 museums, two folk-dance companies, two repertory theater companies, and numerous musical groups. Anyone who complains that there isn't anything to do in Manila isn't looking very hard.

Dominating the central Manila landscape is the Cultural Center complex, built on acres of reclaimed land in Manila Bay. Designed and built within the past 10 years by the Philippines' leading modern architect, Leandro Locsin, the complex has a unity and continuity rare in civic endeavors. The president's wife, Imelda Marcos, has been the driving force behind this project, and it is obvious in the enormous rambling concrete buildings, finished inside with the finest *narra* (the most valued wood in a country of beautiful woods), marble floors, handsome contemporary paintings and sculpture, and well-crafted furniture, that not a peso has been spared in making this complex a showplace.

In addition to the Cultural Center itself, a dramatic swoop of a building, with superb acoustical facilities, there are an enormous Convention Center, a sports complex, a Design Center, a Folk Arts Theater, and the new and elegant Philippine Plaza Hotel. (From the balcony of my spacious 10th-floor room I could enjoy one of my favorite memories of Manila: the most glorious roseate sunset in the world over the bay. Now swept clean of rusty ruins, the bay is dotted with cruise ships.)

Roxas Boulevard has been expanded and is lined with new hotels, condominiums, and modern office complexes. That splendid old colonial relic, the Manila Hotel, has been modernized by architect Locsin (whose skilled hand has perhaps been more influential than any other in transforming Manila and neighboring satellite city Makati) and is surely now one of the most beautiful hotels in the world. Its sumptuous Champagne Room offers the city's headiest dining—reportedly $60 a head, a figure I didn't verify, settling instead for the hotel's Cowrie Room. There, amid hundreds of cowrie shells artfully displayed as room separators and wall decorations, two friends and I lunched on *lapu-lapu* and other local fish, Cavite oysters Rockefeller, and finished with fresh mangoes. Cost: $60.

Even that is high for Manila, where one of the touristic blessings is the general low cost of living. In "my day" you got two pesos for every dollar; today's rate is 7.30 to $1 U.S. (If you buy your pesos en route in Guam, the rate is even better—7.75 to $1.) This means that taxi rides start at 70 centavos—about 10¢, the pop-art-decorated jeepneys (which you should ride at least once) cost less than 5¢ a ride, and a decent and interesting restaurant meal runs around $6 to $8. A double room at the Manila Hotel costs $45, not bad for a grand hotel, and double rooms at lesser "monuments," also facing the bay, are available for $35.

Even the lavish Cultural Center has inexpensive seats for just a few pesos. The open-air Tagalog productions at the Rajah Sulayman Theater in Fort Santiago cost even less. These performances, are well-worth attending in spite of one's unfamiliarity with the Tagalog language. There's always something magical about an evening outdoor performance, and the historic setting makes this especially interesting. The old Spanish fort was used as a dungeon by Japanese occupation forces during World War II. It is located in Intramuros, the remains of the ancient Spanish city, which was virtually leveled by air attack at the end of the war (by Americans trying to dislodge the Japanese). The remaining old walls make an effective backdrop for plays and for the occasional folk dances performed here as well.

In visiting Manila, one shouldn't miss a drive to Makati. In fact, if you're in the Philippines on business, Makati's the handy place to stay, for most of the international firms are there.

There are now four major hotels in Makati—an Intercontinental, a new Mandarin and the Peninsula (children of the famous Hong Kong parents of the same names), and a Japanese hotel that caters to the swarms of Japanese tourists who have discovered it is cheaper to see Manila than live at home.

PATRICIA BROOKS

Roadside stand—"Balmy surroundings of enormous beauty and even-keeled climate."

Makati, Manila's major satellite city, is a 20-year wonder, a totally modern skyscrapered metropolis surrounded by some of the most luxurious residential areas in the world. You don't have to be an old-timer to remember when Makati was desolate Highway 54 lined with fields of elephant-high cogan grass. The cogan is long gone. Today's links to Manila proper are clogged arteries of heavy traffic that jangle the nerves of every driver and passenger.

Manila is surprisingly art-conscious. There are more than a dozen art galleries of decent quality as well as numerous shops featuring antiques and folk art from the different provinces. First—and still finest—is the Luz Gallery in Makati, started by Arturo Luz, a prominent local painter-sculptor, and his actress wife, Tessie. The ample white-walled gallery, one of two places Joan Mondale reportedly requested to visit on her recent trip, features the

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paintings, prints, and sculpture of some 40 local artists. (The other Mondale request was to see the Design Center, which Arturo Luz heads, where craft designs are developed for local producers and exporters.)

Art in the Philippines can also mean artifacts and antiques; and there are some extraordinary values in such adornments as 19th-century wooden *santos*, religious images that once ornamented home shrines; rare brass and wooden *tinagtagos*, rice guardians of the Igorots in northern Luzon; and numerous intriguing objects, jewelry, and fine inlaid chests made by the Moros (Muslims) of Mindanao. Handwoven fabrics, both antique and modern, are also good buys, as are the fine-woven, multi-shaped baskets from all over the islands. I found some of the most varied and compelling shopping in the boutiques and small shops of the Makati Commercial Center.

There are two major resorts and a third in the development stage near Manila. The Royal Ternate Hotel at Puerto Azul, nestled below a hilltop on 4,200 acres at Cavite, is an hour-and-15-minute drive from Manila. In the distance across the bay stands Corregidor's rocky form. The setting is attractive, and few amenities have been overlooked, from an 18-hole Gary Player golf course, six of an eventual 22 tennis courts, and water-sport facilities. At this time, 17 cottage units have been finished, and a large hotel is in the works. While the facility is a private membership club at the moment, tourists can be accommodated during the week at $35 per night for a spacious twin-bedded double.

My one disappointment at Puerto Azul was the beach. I'd forgotten the dull gray-bordering-on-black sands of Cavite, not the ideal beach for sun-baskers. It will be different in Batangas, I thought, heading for the next resort, Punta Baluarte, some two hours further by car over a badly pockmarked road. The road led along the mountain rim overlooking volcanic Lake Taal, one of Luzon's most famous sights, and then veered left near Nasugbu. I remembered Nasugbu from times past, as a fishing village springboard to some of the most luscious, deserted white sand Batangas beaches I'd ever enjoyed, which now, sad to say, have evidently been overrun by small, jerry-built local resorts of the Coney Island type.

Punta Baluarte, another Ayala development, franchised by Intercontinental, has been open since 1973. Perched on a hilltop overlooking the China Sea, it is a wooded tropical delight, thickly planted, with an entry drive lined with white *calachuchi* trees that give way to hedges of purple bougainvillea. Oleanders, enormous hibiscus, bamboo groves, palms, and other foliage shelter the various units and the large dining hall from one another. Immaculately maintained fieldstone walks lead down to a picture-postcard swimming pool, fed by a pretty waterfall. I rushed expectantly to the beach. Alas, it was virtually nonexistent, and the sea before me was a murky brown, muddied by a nearby river feeding into it.

Fortunately for future visitors, plans are in place to build a beach around the point, in front of the newest guest units, where the water is as Batangas-clear as I remember it. Meanwhile, snorkelers and scuba-divers hop into one of the beached boats and head for a glistening white sand bar just a five-minute ride away in the center of the bay. There are other inviting islands nearby for underwater fish watching.

If the beach doesn't loom that important to you, Punta Baluarte can satisfy most other recreation needs. There's an impressive 18-hole Robert Trent Jones, Jr. golf course, horseback-riding stables, tennis courts, squash and pelota courts, even a cockfight ring where you can watch the local gamesters at play. Guest rooms are done "native" fashion—as nipa bungalows, Bicol-style houses and cabanas, air conditioned, though here too the breezes are constant and delectably cool. Daily rates run from $25 for a single to $60 for a Bicol house that accommodates up to four adults plus several children.

This year has other attractions—especially for World War II's Pacific veterans, for this is the 35th anniversary (October 20) of MacArthur's Leyte landing, when 200,000 U.S. and Filipino troops rushed ashore, marking the beginning of the end of Japanese control of the Philippines. The Ministry of Tourism is encouraging a "Reunion for Peace," and Japanese and American tour operators have packages available to the many war sites on the islands. Corregidor has always been a popular tour, easily accessible now by hydrofoil; Bataan has markers and a monument honoring the infamous Death March; and there are markers at the Lingayen Gulf landing areas.

Oh yes, and General MacArthur has returned yet again. Life-size bronze sculptures, remarkable likenesses of MacArthur, Sergio Osmeña, Carlos Romulo, and others in the original landing party, seem to stride ashore once again at Leyte's Red Beach. It is all rather impressive, though, as a Manila wit noted, "I wonder if at high tide Romulo disappears." The diminutive Foreign Minister might not be amused. ◉

Patricia Brooks's first freelance article was on the Philippines, appearing in the New York Times. *She has written on the Philippines and other places ever since.*

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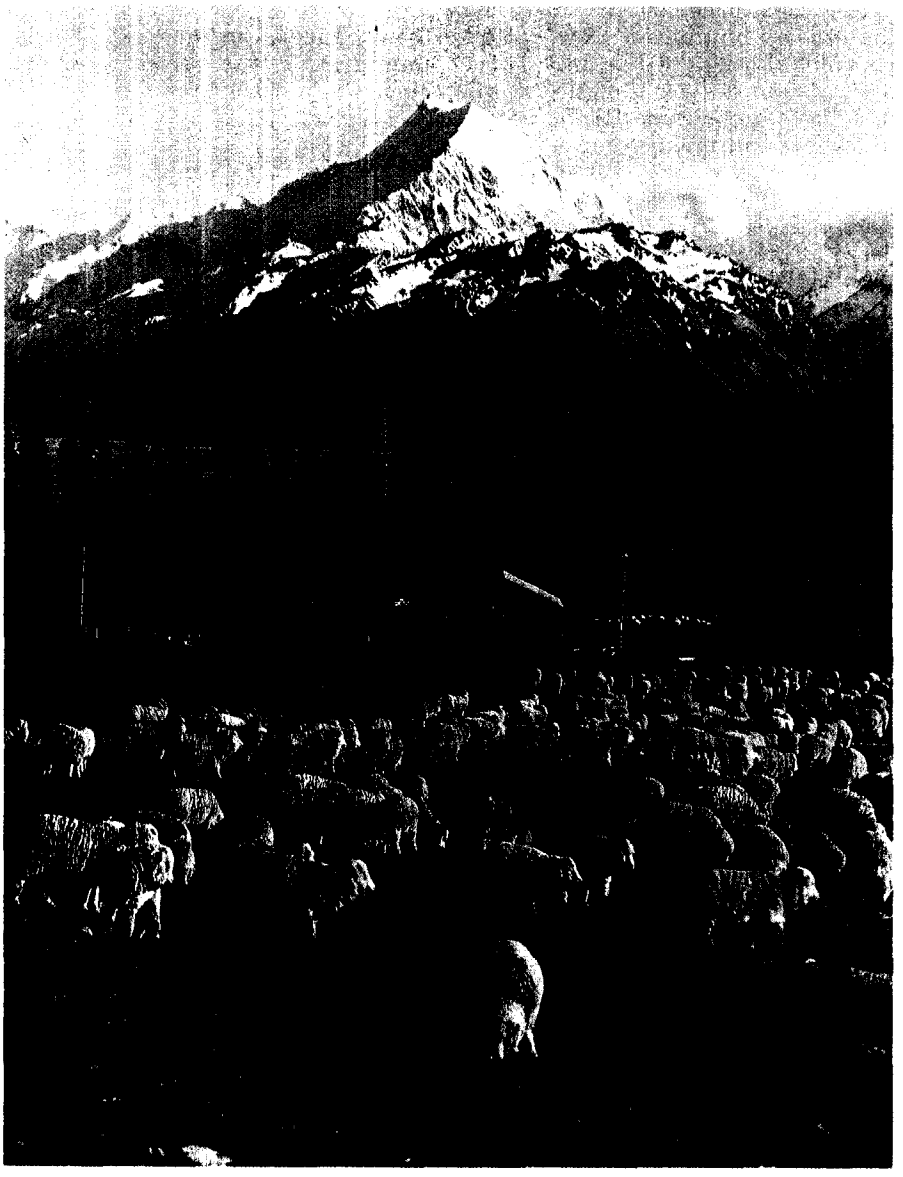
A Camelot South of Capricorn

by Horace Sutton

A FETCHING ingenuousness pervades this lovely island nation that lies tethered in the southern Pacific far below the girdle that is called Capricorn. One looks at the trim houses, the flowering gardens, the scrubbed streets, the emerald hills, the tall poplars beginning to turn color in the April autumn and one gropes, a little longingly perhaps, for the quintessential America as it existed at century's turn.

There is a lot that looks like America decades ago before life became complicated, expensive, and even violent. And there is a lot that is new and modern and done, even in a technocratic world, with simplicity and ease. After the tumult and rundown raffishness of the Los Angeles airport, the terminal at Auckland, with all the officials tidily gotten up in pressed short trousers and long trim stockings, is a refreshing microcosm of the country one was to see in the days ahead. Tranquility is the word for New Zealand. Tranquility and ease. The hand that carries the bag or serves the meal doesn't seek a tip. The hotel that presents the bill is not obliged to dun the traveler for a tourist tax. There is no such thing, although there is a departure tax of $2 (Australia's, 1,300 miles across the Tasman Sea, is $10).

Twice a week there are no television commercials, as a sort of national relief from the grating sales pitches. Hospital stays for New Zealanders are free, a courtesy that is extended to visitors in case of accidents. There is no charge for accident insurance. No charge for education, university included. There is no pollution. No crowding. No language barrier (unless you count the curious Down-Under inflections used by some New Zealanders). Technically one cannot say there is no unemployment, but it



W. NEILL

Sheep in a holding paddock in Canterbury— "Tranquility is the word for New Zealand."

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doesn't amount to one percentage point.

This is also the land of T-bone steaks dancing there on the hotel menus at $6. A huge filet mignon is about the same. French wines come high but there is no need for that. I was guided to a Corban Sylvaner Riesling the first afternoon and discovered a McWilliams Cabernet Sauvignon '75 the second evening, each costing about $5.50, and we stayed admirably with those labels for a week.

The room at the Rotorua International came with bed, bath, tea, coffee, bread, jam, butter, color TV (and naturally heated pool off the lobby) at a cost of $33.20 a day. And listen, Ma Bell, local telephone calls are free.

Although it took a special breed of Europeans to create this Camelot south of Capricorn, the Europeans were not the first to find it. That distinction goes to the Maoris who are brown-skinned Polynesians with much in common in language, dance, dress, and worship with Polynesians in Tonga, Bora Bora, and Hawaii.

They came about 700 A.D. from some legendary homeland now called Hawaiki, although by that they do not mean Hawaii. Some anthropologists say that these are eastern Pacific people whose forebears originated in Asia; others contend they are migrants from America. Whichever, they could read the stars, understood the trade winds, and knew the ocean currents.

In the War Memorial Museum in Auckland, which is otherwise no sightseer's city, one can behold a huge canoe, 82 feet long, which could hold 100 paddlers and fighters. Here, too, is an 80-foot-long meeting house, embellished with elaborate carvings which represent the history of the tribe. In Maori such a house is called a *whare,* and if one considers that "wh" is pronounced by the Maoris as if it were an "f," then the word is not very far from a Samoan house which is called a *fale.*

When the Maori canoes came in sight of the new country, it lay in shielded cover from the sun. They called it the Land of the Long White Cloud. Here they hunted the moa, a large flightless bird similar to an ostrich. And they fought among themselves and tattooed their faces. Three hundred years later Abel Tasman sailed past. Nieuw Amsterdam was already a city on Hudson's River, soon to fall to the British. Half a world away, Tasman called this place Nieuw Zeeland, but he didn't make a landing. That distinction fell to James Cook, discoverer, too, of the Hawaiian Islands. It was 1769, and Cook's arrival would trumpet the beginning—though the warning sounds couldn't be heard then—of what Alan Moorehead was to title, in his compelling book, *The Fatal Impact.* That meant the coming of the whalers, the traders, the sealers, and ultimately the settlers who rustled these lands, and the Antarctic continent to the south, out of the reverie of their pristine innocence.

Seventy years after Cook, the British decided to extend their sovereignty to New Zealand, and although the intent was peaceful, it was still, by Maori reckoning, an incursion, one that was to erupt in what are still called the Maori Wars. It took 10 British regiments to make the British sovereignty stick, and at that there was still trouble in the Land of the Long White Cloud even as Custer, trying to tame another continent, was being annihilated at Little Bighorn.

'By Maori reckoning it was still an incursion, one that was to erupt in what are called the Maori Wars.'

The Maoris were to emerge with a far larger voice in New Zealand's future than the Indian in America's. If Asian immigration was severely limited, Maori culture has been fertilized and fostered. Maori battalions fought in European wars. Maoris are knighted, placed in high office, and intermarry with the Europeans whom they called *pakehas*—non-Maoris. Maori language and culture are cultivated at seats of learning, and even *pakeha* writers have urged the adoption of the Maori virtue called *aroha,* or unselfish love. In the early years of this decade one New Zealander in nine or 10 was Polynesian, or at least partly so, and by century's end it will be one in five.

PETER ROTHHOLZ

Maori decor— "Fertilized and fostered."

Maoris tend to remain on the North Island where the Alpine attractions are few and the climate is more friendly. Nowhere are they more in evidence than in the mineral-spring center of Rotorua, 150 miles from Auckland. Here, on the lands given over to the Maoris, mud pots boil and bubble, geysers soar, and thermal waters provide house heating and warm pools for hotels and motels.

From the earliest colonial days the settlers came to take the waters at the ornate Tudor building that is set in Rotorua's government gardens. Flower beds and palm trees, a green croquet court and a statue of Prince Albert, consort to Queen Victoria, seem to be waiting for the clientele to arrive in bustles and boaters. Rotorua's mud baths were famed halfway around the world, and mudpacks are still put up in sealed envelopes for sale as souvenir or therapy.

Polynesian Pools, a private facility built on an old government spa, is an attractive place to take the waters, either in a large common pool or in one of 20 private pools that can be engaged for $1.50 per person per half hour. The water comes out of the earth at 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and if that seems almost enough to cook a chicken, 250,000 bipeds apply every year for immolation.

The Maori village of Ohinemutu has its own Maori church, called St. Faith's, where the pews are carved Maori style and inlaid with iridescent paua shell. Battle flags of the Maori Wars hang in a dark corner, remembered but not flaunted. In a small chapel a likeness of Christ dressed as a Maori has been etched in glass and placed on the pane in such a position that to those who kneel on the carved racks, Christ seems to be walking on the waters of Lake Rotorua. A Maori bishop gives the service in the Maori language, but *pakeha* visitors are invited to listen in.

Maori dances are given almost every night in the meeting halls, with warriors and grass-skirted maidens depicting the arrival of the first canoes from Hawaiki, and the girls spinning their poi balls in a rhythmic exercise.

In spite of the Maori Wars and their divergent cultures, Queen Victoria is retained in some reverence, and a statue of her seated and sheltered by a canopy, guarded by fierce, big-toothed tikis, is prominent in Ohinemutu where, as in all Maoriland, she was known as Kotuku, the Little White Bird.

It was Sir Peter Buck, the Maori scholar, who predicted that the ultimate New Zealander, inheriting the qualities of two races, would emerge as "an outstanding figure among the differing races of the world." Others have perceived the same of Hawaiian Islanders, who prove themselves at home in the private salons and diplomatic halls of two sides of the globe.

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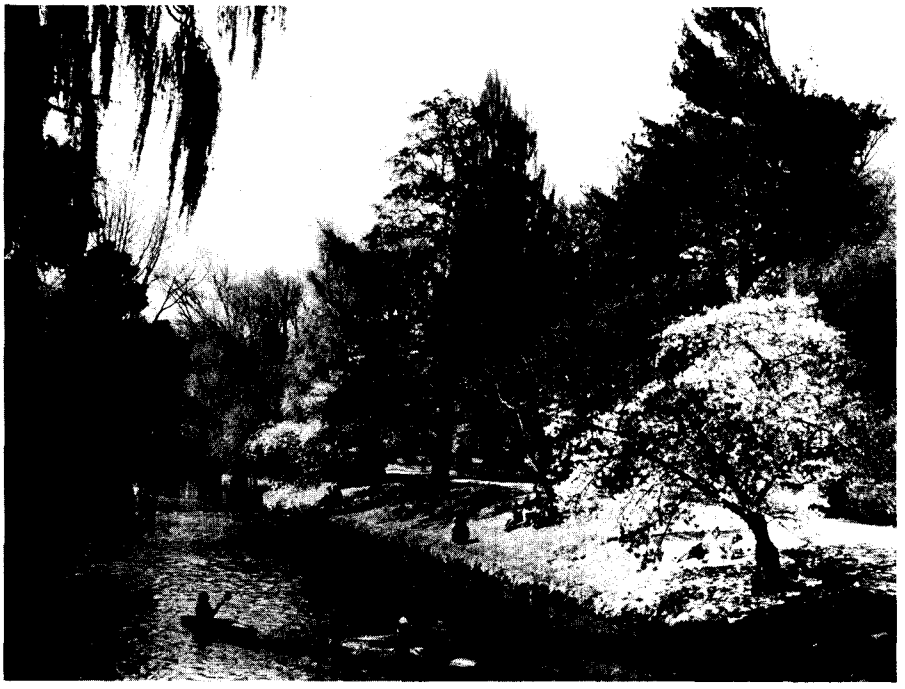
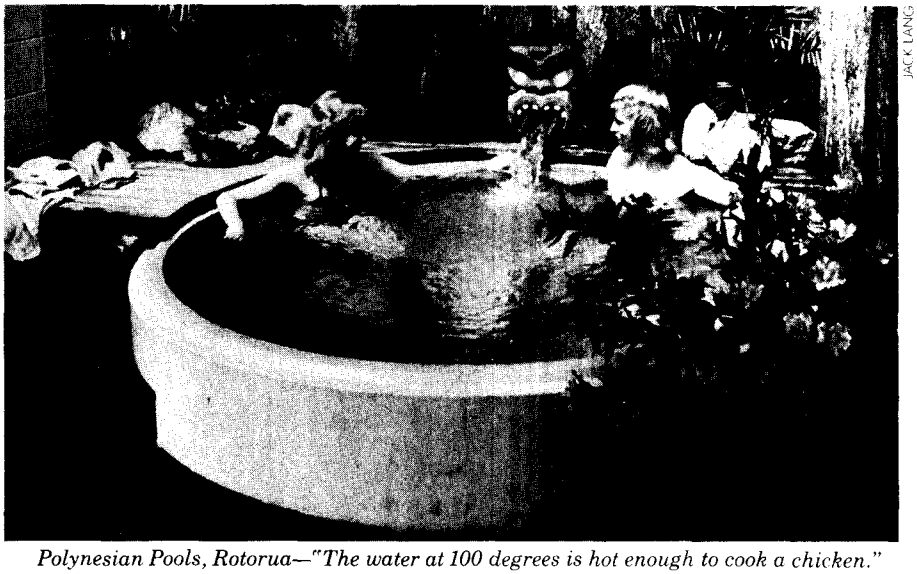


The Avon, Christchurch—"Gardens like Hyde Park that seem to stretch out of sight."



JACK LANG

Polynesian Pools, Rotorua—"The water at 100 degrees is hot enough to cook a chicken."

Ski plane at Mount Cook Park—"A five-minute walk around this white eerieland."

pean culture, the Maoris began to lose their own heritage. In 1963 a Maori institute was formed in Rotorua encompassing many of the most fascinating natural phenomena of the thermal area. A typical Maori village has been built and young Maori men and women have been brought from the villages to learn again the ancient arts of weaving and plaiting and carving, all now on show.

Some of the natural beauty of the North Island has been brought within easy view of the traveler at places like Rainbow Springs, a fern-filled park with clear, spring-fed pools that attract giant trout who swim in from the lake of their own volition and stay probably because the food is so good.

A pair of paradise ducks, who live to be 80, strut on the tanbark, inevitably known as Adam and Eve. And in a habitat that is kept dark because they are nocturnal prowlers, live the strange kiwis, the flightless birds with no more than the stubs of wings, but equipped with long pecking bills. From these outlandish creatures New Zealanders take their own pet name. If an Australian is an Aussie, a New Zealander is a kiwi, a circumstance which has led to the rechristening of Chinese gooseberries as kiwi fruit, to say nothing of the creation of kiwi-fruit-flavored candy.

New Zealanders have chosen to adopt the kiwi as a sort of national symbol, which gives short shrift to sheep, of which the nation has an estimated 60 million. The sheep munch on some 20 million acres of clover and grass and another 12½ million acres of what is called tussock or tufted grass. Although it isn't as much talked about, the two islands also support 9 million head of cattle, which makes beef inexpensive, butter rich and creamy, and oleomargarine a word not used in mixed company.

Nineteen assorted rams—Merinos from Spain and North Africa, Romneys from the south of England, Cheviots from Scotland, and the Dorset Horn that breeds twice a year—have all been trained to follow a commentary and appear on stage in an arena called the Agrodome. The show has proven so popular that there are—as they say in the local patois—three shows a *dye*, except on Christmas when there are two. Tapes have also been made in Japanese and German.

The same entrepreneurs run a cattle dome in Queenstown and are planning a third exposition featuring New Zealand food—lamb roasting on a spit, local wines, apples, peaches, and kiwi fruit.

As it dips closer to the lower latitudes, New Zealand's South Island grows more rugged and scenically more dramatic. Those rolling, kelly-green, broadloom pasturelands of the north become white-

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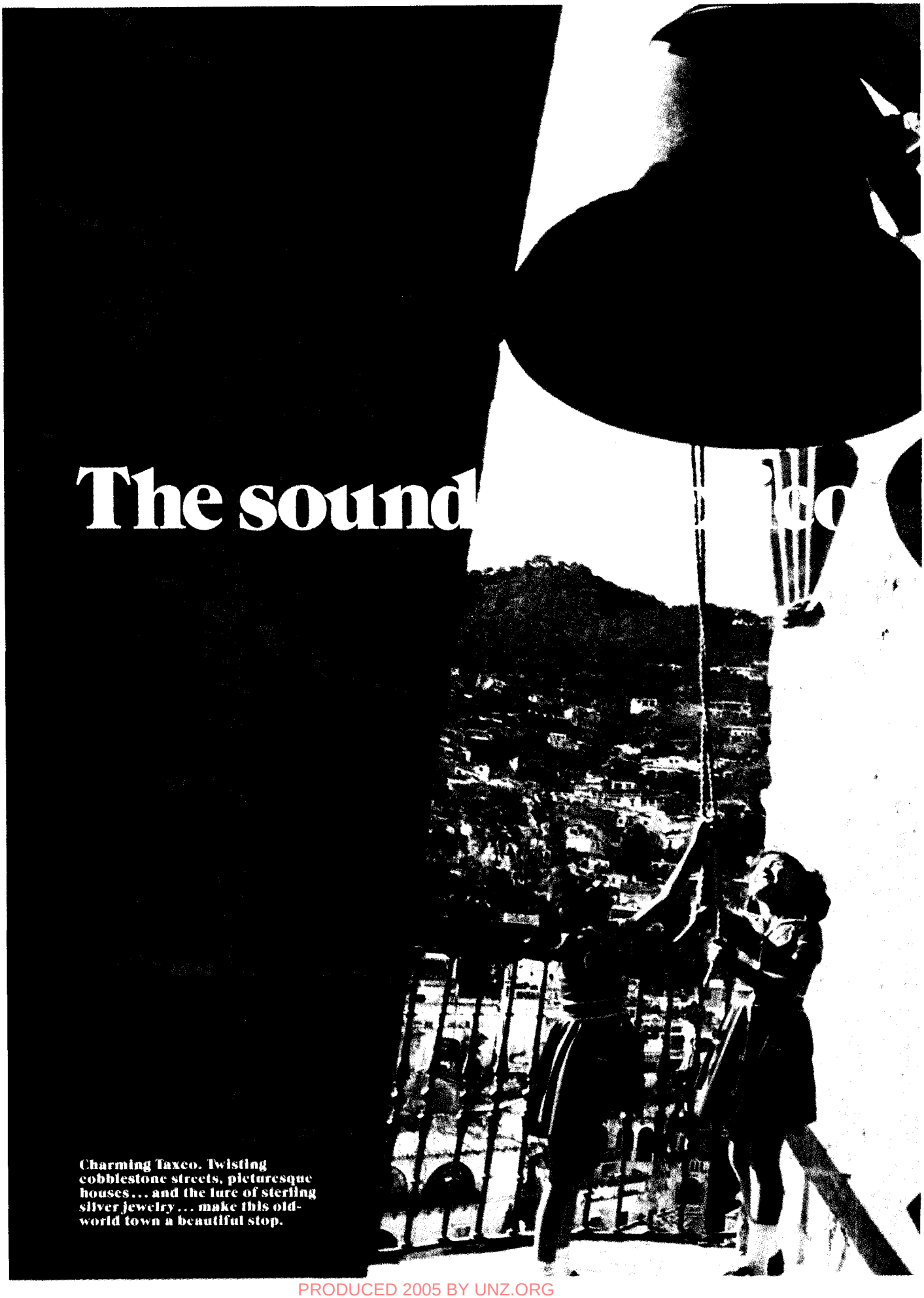

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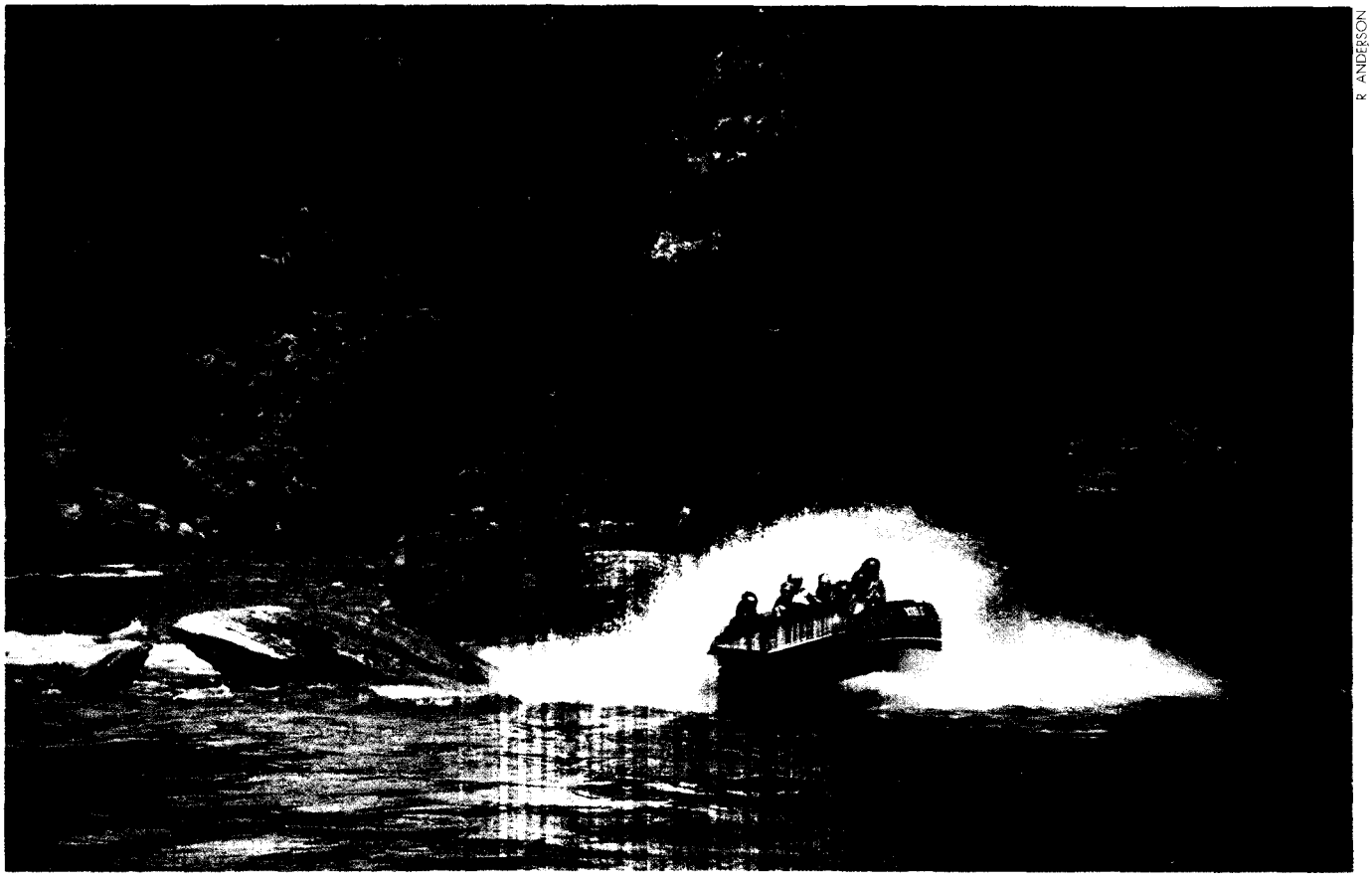

R. ANDERSON

Jet-boating on the Shotover River, Queenstown—"The drivers aim straight at a mass of rock, slide-slipping at the last second."

covered alps, fjords, and high lakes. Christchurch, not even halfway down the eastern shore of the South Island, is the launch-pad for the Antarctic.

Travelers nest at Queenstown, a gentle little resort on Lake Wakatipu which seems to have been preserved from some softer yesterday. Framed by the great fir trees, the old coal-burner, the *T.S.S. Earnslaw*,wheezing inky smoke from its black-tipped red stack, regularly sails the lake, as if it were gliding down a silky watery mirror in the Lombardy of Victor Emmanuel.

On the other hand, a private party equipped with verve and nerve can lease a seat on a 16-foot-long jet-boat propelled by water being shot through a six-inch nozzle at 80 gallons a second. This sort of propulsion produces speeds of 40 miles an hour, the boat drawing four inches of water when planing and only 18 inches when at rest. Jet boats carom down the Shotover River, a narrow gold stream with enormous boulders protruding from either bank. It is the sport of the drivers to aim straight at a mass of rock, side-slipping away only at the last possible second.

Somewhat less of a thrill, but more of a nudge to the imagination, is the morning sail down to the high-country sheep station at Walter Peak. By boat it takes about 40 minutes to get to the spread at lake's head, but it is a matter of 145 miles from Queenstown by road. The visitors to this day are treated to steaming tea, scones, small pancakes smothered in cream and jelly—all of it the style of welcome that was doubtless bestowed on visitors to this outpost where the herders live at 6,000 feet, alone with 3,000 sheep, some long-hair cattle, a few sheep dogs, and each other, rattling around on 64,000 acres.

Built in 1860, and an oasis of brilliant zinnias, geraniums, hollyhocks, bluebells, and other recollections of an English garden, the Walter Peak Station put its sheep out to graze on the highlands. Those who lived there passed their time fishing. They smoked their catch and sent the fish in by steamer, which then took three hours to Queenstown where the delicacies were sold to the miners working the Shotover, in the early 1860s the richest river gold strike in the world.

'The old coal burner sails the lake as if gliding a mirror in the Lombardy of Victor Emmanuel.'

Fishing in the clear lakes and at the river mouths is considerably more exciting than it was when the Walter Peak sheep people were at it. In 1869, nearly a decade after Walter Peak opened, brown trout were introduced from Britain. Rainbows from the Russian River in California were brought in about 100 years ago. A century in the cold clear lakes, with ample food and few fishermen, has produced enormous fish of worldwide repute. Rainbows and browns have run as large as 10 pounds, but a good catch on Lake Taupo might mean 20 fish at an average of three and one-half pounds. Anything less than 14 inches is thrown back here; an average stateside trout might weigh one pound.

A short morning between breakfast and a midmorning plane, spent with a guide who picked me up at the edge of the TraveLodge in Queenstown, produced five brown trout, at least one—so the guide insisted—that would have been trophy-size back home.

In winter, which is approaching now in New Zealand, it is possible to ski at Coronet Peak in the morning and catch trout in Queenstown in the afternoon. And no trick plane connections are necessary.

Although Pan American will get you down here in the most modern equipment—the new 747 SPs, with extended seats in first class, fly nonstop to Auckland from Los Angeles (as well as cross-country, for the most comfortable trans-American flight on the books), and Air New Zealand, using DC-10s, comes down from the West Coast making a Hawaii stop—local services employ all sorts of tiny planes.

A favorite run with small, one-pilot twin-engine Islanders flies the white-knuckle route from Queenstown to

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Milford Sound, threading through the glaciers all the way. Milford sits at the head of a fjord and has a comfortable 40-room hotel and a renowned dining room called the Lobster Pot, lobsters (at about $10) being the local specialty. Those who suffer from fear of flying, but are not turned away by fear of walking, can opt for the Milford Track, a 32-mile promenade that requires five days, three of them spent afoot, nights in cabins.

Floatplanes fly charter trips to Doubtful Sound—though the name should be no dissuader; helicopters deposit skiers on glaciers for 10-mile downhill runs; and the famed ski planes of Mount Cook Airlines land on the glaciers of Mount Cook National Park—snow permitting—allowing passengers a five-minute walk around this white eerieland.

The National Park preserve at Mount Cook looks like the national parks in northwestern America except for a pervading barrenness that is unsettling, and a lack of streams of cars. Instead there are streams of Japanese who, like almost everyone else, arrive in cramped Hawker-Sideley turboprop airplanes. As a race they are probably the only ones who fit in them unless you count pygmies and Ghurkhas.

Mount Cook itself, at 12,349 feet, is the Matterhorn of the lower latitudes. It remains snowcapped all year and is on view from the assorted hotels—the top-dog Hermitage ($39 for a twin-bedded room), the Chalets ($18 for two), the Mount Cook motels ($25).

In less than an hour one can be lifted out of the mountain fastnesses of the national preserve and be deposited in an utterly handsome airport at Christchurch, the city settled by design by elders from the Church of England. Of the 52 men who founded the Canterbury Association that went south (and far), 17 had been at Christ Church, Oxford. The settlement was to be known as Canterbury—its chief town to be called Christchurch. The cornerstone of its cathedral was laid on December 16, 1864, a few short months before Lee, half a world away, was to ride into Appomattox for the reckoning.

Christchurch is a mix of splendid homes that line the route from the airport, of old English buildings, of broad Botanical Gardens which, like Hyde Park, seem to stretch out of sight. To be sure, one can get a "chili dog" or a "genuine American milkshake" in a shanty called the Dog House behind the cathedral. But alongside there is a fish-and-chips place just to put things right. A lovely river winds inexorably through Christchurch, named—one needn't be surprised—the Avon. It's comforting to know that there will always be an England, or at least a whiff of England, even astride such unlikely latitudinal lines. ◉

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Guam: The Buck Spends Here

by Robert Kiener

Guam Beach—"Favored by Japanese honeymooners." *Chamorro carabao—"Red rice and fruit bat."*

THE GHOSTS OF World War II loom large over this now-tranquil Pacific paradise. Rusted tanks, half-buried in sand; caved-in concrete bunkers; crumbling Quonset huts; and rumors of Japanese war stragglers give Guam an otherworldliness that is at once eerie and exotic. World War II may be ancient history, but in this U.S. Territory, its ghosts linger on.

As an international travel destination, the 255-square-mile U.S. possession of Guam is relatively unknown. Most Americans think of Guam in military terms, remembering that it played a key role in World War II's Pacific island hopping campaign and—more recently—housed and fed the B-52s that made countless bombing raids over North Vietnam. Today, more than one-fourth of the island's 112,000 residents are military people or service dependents, yet present-day Guam is far from being merely a giant strategic outpost, a "Fort Apache of the Pacific."

A visitor landing at Guam's International Airport may be justifiably surprised at the modern facilities that stretch out before him. Guam's duty-free status has paid for the efficient setup (and an even more expansive air terminal is on the drawing board) by allowing U.S. visitors to take home up to $600 worth of non-tariffed merchandise, the highest limit, otherwise awarded only to those who visit the U.S. Virgin Islands and American Samoa. Cameras, perfumes, and liquors are among the bargains offered.

A 303-room Hilton and six other first-class hotels line crystal-clear Tumon Bay, the favorite retreat of the Japanese honeymooners who flock to Guam. Sun, sand, 80-degree waters, and inexpensive package holidays make it hard to resist. One such package includes a mass-wedding ceremony, carried out, with Japanese precision, within earshot of Guam's crashing surf.

Whether it is an advantage or a distraction, it is a truism that no other Pacific island can boast of having the world's largest McDonalds and Ben Franklins. As they have in many remote global corners from the Ginza to Port-au-Prince, fast-food stands have broken out across the face of the island. (The Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet includes red rice, a local staple, on its menu.) But Americans who have been left in economic tatters by a visit to more expensive climes are relieved to discover that Guam is on a U.S. dollar economy. One uses U.S. postage.

The average householder, on the other hand, owns a minimum of three cars and a drive to the supermarket is a daily event. The local Datsun and Toyota dealers regularly lead their leagues in per capita new-car sales.

Although Guam is firmly entrenched in the 20th century, it takes only a 10-minute ride out of Agana—the capital city—to experience Guam's easy lifestyle. For all its U.S. suburban trappings, Guam, after all, is a tropical Pacific island whose residents maintain a strong belief in the siesta and the vitiating effects of hard labor under the equatorial sun. The natives are called Chamorros, a blend of Malaysian, Spanish, Philippine, and American bloodlines. The Chamorro equivalent of aloha, *hafa adai* (pronounced HAfa A Day) is considered by many to be the islanders' answer to the question: "What's the longest any man in his right mind should work?"

Driving south from Agana on the coastal road that hugs the Philippine Sea, a visitor soon passes the sleepy village of Asan. Thirty-five years ago, U.S. Marines suffered heavy losses as they

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stormed Asan's beaches under the machine-gun fire of cliff-entrenched Japanese. The nearby naval station is frequently the home of nuclear Polaris submarines, which surface to take on new crews after two months beneath the sea. (A Russian trawler, anchored just beyond territorial waters, keeps track of Guam's military traffic.)

The four-lane highway narrows to two as one leaves the military-held land (nearly two-thirds of Guam is owned by the military, and off-limits to civilians). The coastal road climbs suddenly as it traverses Guam's southern, volcanic half. The scenery here is the island's best with towering mountainsides to the left (measured from the ocean floor, the Marianas Trench, this "submerged Everest," rises 35,800 feet) and lush, unspoiled valleys that stretch down to the sea on the right.

Although typhoon-proof cement homes have replaced many of the sturdy *ifil* wood dwellings, Umatac is still one of Guam's most unspoiled, traditional villages. The coastal road bisects the village and offers glimpses into Chamorro living. The carabao, Asia's beast of burden, when latched to a cart, is still considered more dependable than any mechanized contraption. The women of Umatac still wear Spanish-influenced mestiza dresses (Spain held Guam from Magellan's landing until the U.S. claimed her during the Spanish-American War in 1898) and cook with locally grown specialties.

Village fiestas, celebrating a patron saint, local weddings (referred to as *fandangos*), an election, a christening—just about anything—are open to the public and offer hearty samplings of Chamorro cuisine and healthy helpings of island hospitality. A stranger is treated like a long-lost relative returned to the fold and plied with all the red rice, fruit bat (remember, it's considered downright rude to turn down offered food), barbecued spareribs, freshly slaughtered ham, *tuba* (local greased lightning made from fermented coconut milk), *finadene* (a scorching red-pepper hot sauce), and coconut crab that he can eat. When the host says the food is hot, believe him. The Chamorros' love of spicy food is topped only by that of their Malaysian ancestors.

The island's two public golf courses (the navy's impeccably manicured, palm-tree-studded course is off-limits to civilians), weekly cockfights (betting is legal here and it is big business), greyhound racing (ditto on betting), big game fishing, scuba diving, reef walking, are all available to energetic travelers. ◉

Robert Kiener is an editor at Off Duty Publications, *travels widely in the Pacific from his base in Hong Kong.*

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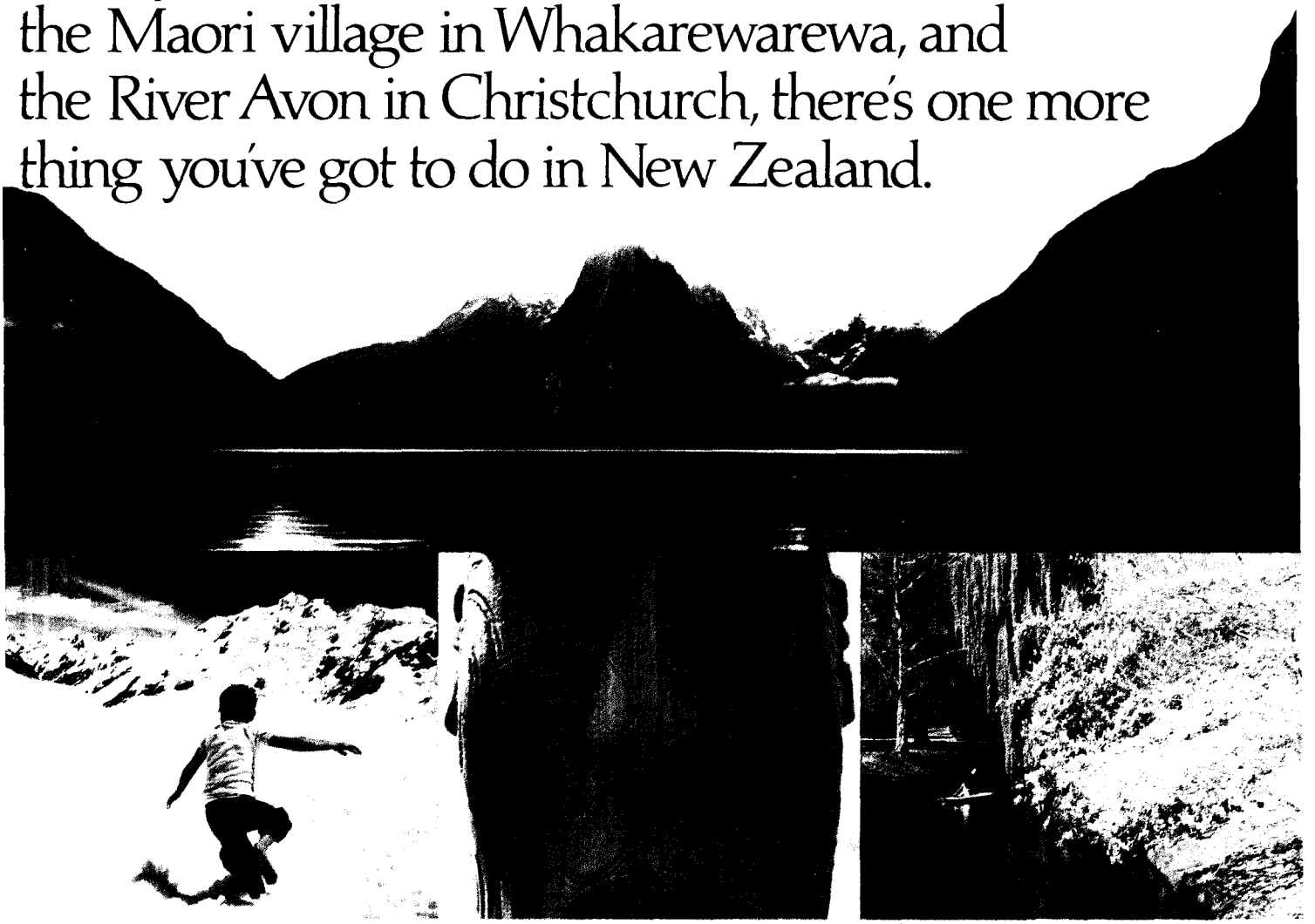

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Malayan Memories of the Raj

by Griffin Smith

The riverfront at Kuching—"Not likely to be mistaken for the teeming East."

SOMEONE WHO knew Sarawak well during the early years of this century wrote of finding there an "inner peace that seemed... to have no outer world .... There was no twilight, just a sudden darkness and little lamps flickering amongst the palm trees and over the small town. Sometimes a boat would go by like a black leaf upon the moonlit river with a Malay boy singing to his love; or one heard the distant laughter of a child and the melancholy twang of a Chinese mandoline."

The words are those of the wife of the country's third and last White Rajah—or to use the full grandiloquent title, Her Highness the Honorable Sylvia Lady Brooke, Ranee of Sarawak. The "small town" of which she wrote is Kuching—still small by Asian standards, and one wonders just how much it has changed since then. The docks are mechanized, there is an industrial district, and the bureaucracy of what is now a Malaysian state has ensconced itself in a skyscraper outside of town, but the essence of the place remains much as it was in the Ranee's day.

Lady Brooke's eccentric autobiography, *Queen of the Headhunters*, is an engaging introduction to this isolated corner of northwestern Borneo. Sarawak as a whole and Kuching in particular offer nothing to compare with Bali's electrifying synthesis of religion and art. Nor do they stun the tourist with evidence of an ancient and elaborate civilization as Java does. Except to the adventuresome willing to explore the more remote up-country regions, they may not even seem much like "Borneo." What they do provide is a pleasant respite from the frenetic activity of urban Asia, and a palpable sense of the colonial past without its trappings.

With only about a million people scattered through a land area the size of Louisiana, Sarawak is not likely to be mistaken for the teeming East. Anyone who has endured Bangkok's noise or Denpasar's murderous traffic will welcome the difference. Even in Kuching, which is as up-to-date as Sarawak ever gets, the bicycle and the sampan remain familiar modes of transport. It is not uncommon to see an acrobatic bicyclist weaving along a downtown street clamping a bundle under one arm and holding aloft a black umbrella with the other. The average rainfall of 140 inches a year has led to adaptations in the sampans too. The tiny ferries that shuttle across the Sarawak River, dodging great rustling clumps of tropical vegetation, protect their passengers from sudden downpours with peaked wooden roofs. Lighted at night by a single swaying kerosene lantern hung inside the open bow, they are one of Kuching's most picturesque sights.

At first glance, Kuching seems almost wholly Chinese. The principal street, Main Bazaar, is lined with an arcade of Chinese stalls. It terminates at the steps of an ornate Buddhist temple that could have been lifted intact from some monastery on Taiwan. Nearly a third of Sarawak's population is of Chinese origin—in Kuching itself, a majority. The overseas Chinese are a persistent *leitmotiv* throughout Southeast Asia, doggedly enduring as a socially cohesive economic presence in the face of rising nationalism. One cannot fail to measure their staying power against that of the departed Europeans. There are shops along Main Bazaar where the great-grandfathers of today's merchants sold much the same goods under the nominal protection of the British flag. The White Rajah who built those shops also built the Astana Palace, the Court House, and the Customs Hall; now his buildings survive as quaint relics, while the life of trade goes on.

The best spot to reflect upon that vanished dominion is at the Astana itself, across the river from the town's commercial heart. In its origin and its 105 years as an independent nation, Sarawak had one of the oddest histories of any place on earth, much of which happened here.

The country came into being in 1841

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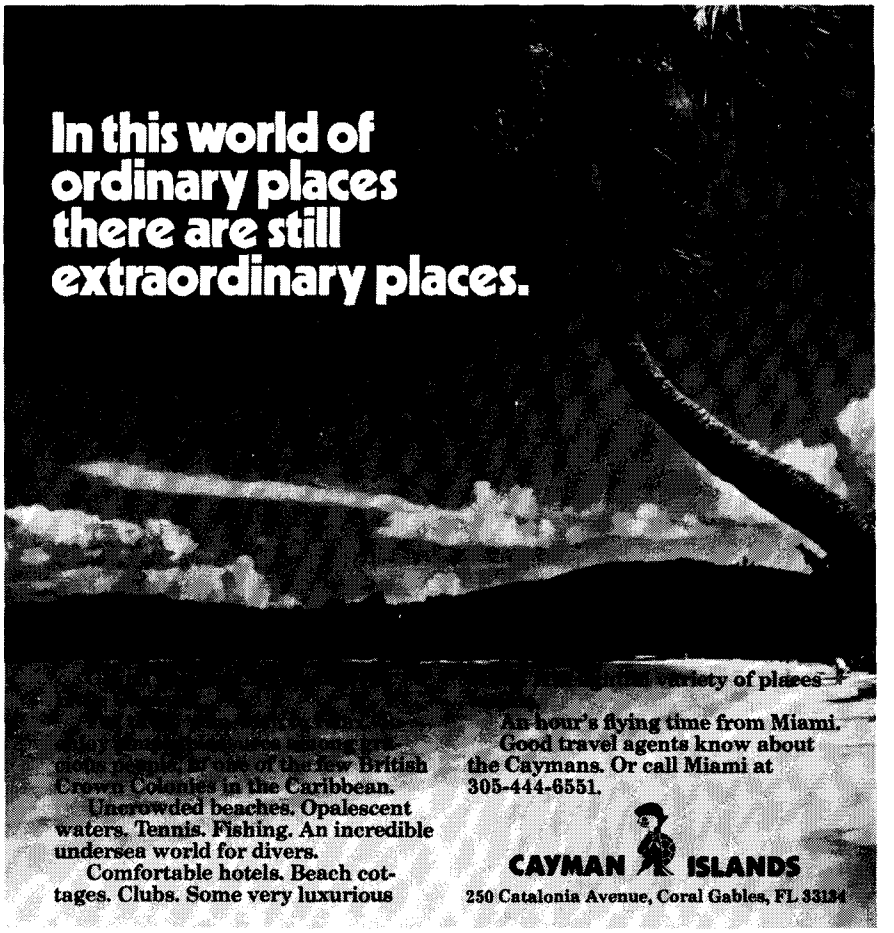
when James Brooke, an English soldier of fortune, helped suppress a rebellion in the territories of the Sultan of Brunei, and was rewarded for his efforts with the gift of Sarawak. Until World War II it was his family's personal fief; an 1888 treaty granted the British control over Sarawak's foreign relations in exchange for their military protection, but it reserved all internal authority to the Rajah Brooke—an autocratic arrangement without parallel in the empire.

James Brooke, his nephew Charles Brooke (who took the throne as the Second White Rajah in 1868), and Charles's son Vyner (who became the Third White Rajah in 1917) reigned with a benevolent paternalism that bore little resemblance to the more cynical colonial enterprises of the day. They cautioned their subjects against strangers who, "with soft and smiling countenances," might deprive them of their land and "carry the value ... out of the country to enrich their shareholders." They delicately discouraged the practice of headhunting. On their occasional returns to England, they renewed friendships with Wilde, Shaw, Elgar, Wells, and other notables of British arts and letters. And at the Astana, which Lady Brooke described as a "fantastic medley of beauty and bad taste," they dutifully pursued an endless cycle of ceremony and boredom—mangoes and tea on the veranda at dawn; mornings spent in administration or in petty trials across the river at the Court House; lunch, books, and siesta; at 3:30 an open house and audiences with whoever wished a favor; golf or tennis at 4:30; billiards at the club. "On Saturday evenings Vyner had a roulette game, for women only; and every Sunday we had a swimming party with gin slings and an enormous curry."

The idyll ended with Pearl Harbor. After three and a half years of Japanese occupation, the aging rajah returned to Kuching, acclaimed by his people (some of whom had enthusiastically revived their headhunting against the new rulers) but without the heart to resume the old regime. In any case the spell of British invincibility was broken: With the fall of Singapore, the "protectorate" had been proved a fraud. In 1946 Sarawak was formally ceded to the British, who stumbled through 17 turbulent years of violence and assassination before releasing the colony into the Federation of Malaysia.

Kuching is suffused with reminders of this extraordinary history, though the people who made it have disappeared virtually without a trace. The Astana is now the official residence of the governor of Sarawak. Only one small room of dusty Brookeabilia is accessible to visitors, and special permission is needed even to see that. But gazing across the green lawn, one can almost hear the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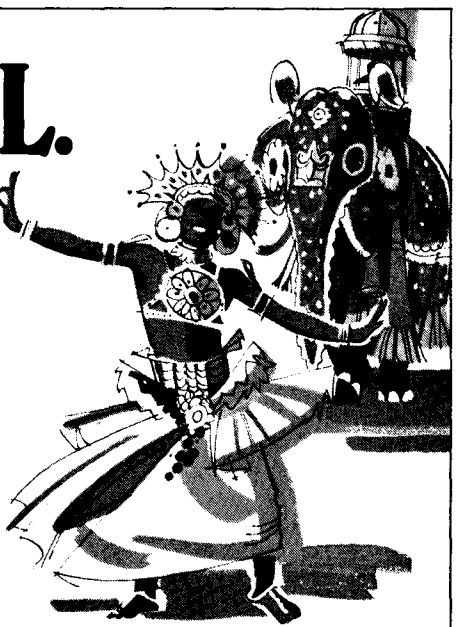

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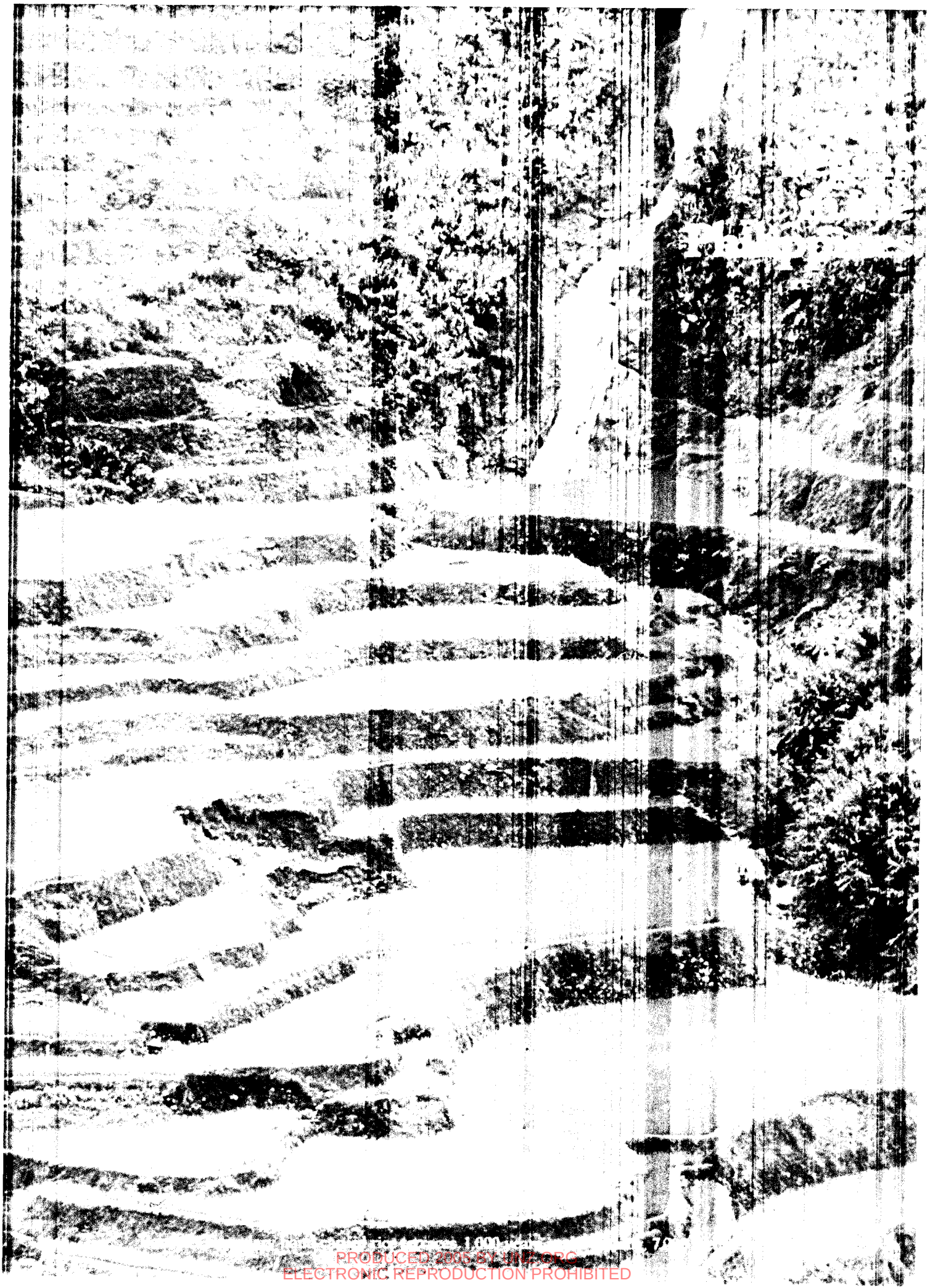

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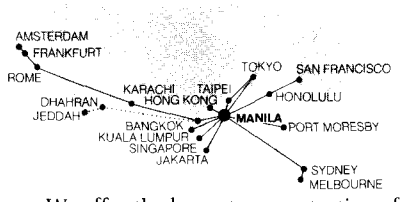

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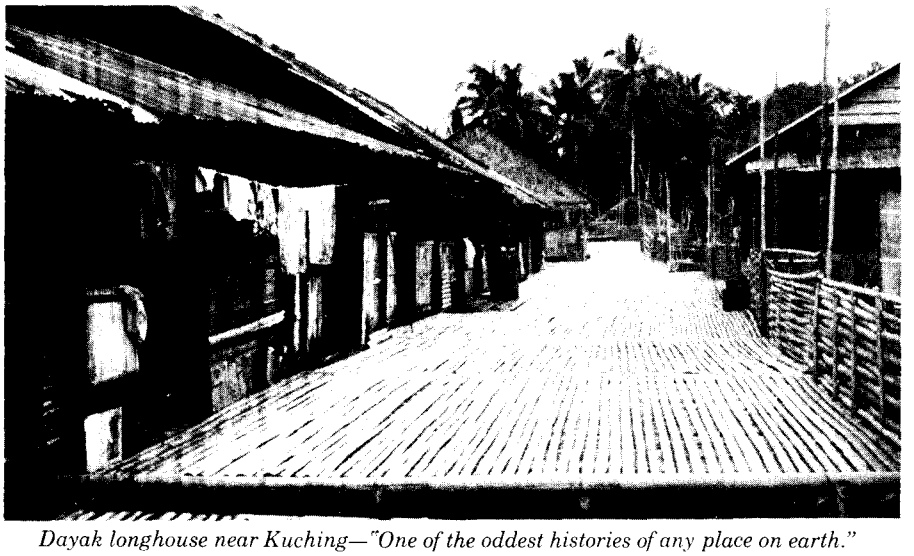

Dayak longhouse near Kuching—"One of the oddest histories of any place on earth."

cannon shot that signaled the rajah's homeward crossing from the Court House each day at noon, or catch the strains of "God Save the King" and the confident old Sarawak national anthem:

> Ten thousands yet unborn
> Will bless the name of Brooke ....

Like most tourists who come to Sarawak, I made the 70-minute flight from Singapore because I wanted to visit one of the primitive Dayak tribes who live in communal longhouses up the rivers. And again like most tourists, I found that Kuching's unique past and its leisurely present made it an unexpectedly enjoyable attraction in its own right. I strolled through the outdoor Masjid Market, where shoppers can buy anything from gingerroot to live chickens wrapped neck-to-claw in plastic bags. I spent an afternoon at the justly renowned Sarawak Museum, where the collection of ethnology, archaeology, and natural history under the curatorship of young Lucas Chin is without question the best in Southeast Asia. I visited what is left of the old Japanese internment camp, admired the gold domes and minarets of the new state mosque, and harvested black pepper at a nearby plantation. I met Malays, Iban, and Chinese, and I heard a government minister parry my compliments to his country with the matter-of-fact observation: "We think we are very lucky to live in such a place as this." But nowhere, among young or old, among officials or ordinary people, could I find anyone who remembered the words to "Bless the Name of Brooke." ◉

Formerly a senior editor at Texas Monthly *magazine, Griffin Smith lives in Washington and has just returned from an extensive tour of the Far East.*

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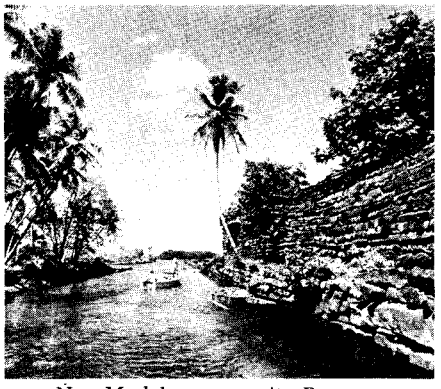
THE PALMY PACIFIC

A Gazetteer for Pacific Island Hoppers

by P.J. Kersten



Nan Madol, mystery city, Ponape.

Ponape, Caroline Islands Bali Ha'i by any other name, this volcanic wonderland might well be everybody's fantasy of what an island paradise is all about. Discovered by Spain (1526), bought by Germany (1899), occupied by Japan (1935), now (since 1947) part of U.S. Trust Territory. Pleasing Micro-and-Polynesian mix, charming people. Sip a Ponape Special: *sakau*, made from the sakau plant root (or a martini if you must, easily buyable at the island's small hotels). Savor misty waterfalls, translucent lagoons, lush jungle foliage. Hop a boat ride from central Kolonia to mysterious Nan Madol, ruins of centuries-old canal-veined city. Carry home Ponape black pepper, charmingly carved storyboards depicting island legends. For all its time-capsule tranquility, Ponape is just a daily short Continental Airlines' flight from Guam.

New Caledonia You won't find Dorothy Lamour in her sarong, but every other wraparound cliché of Pacific-island life is abundant here: palms, sea pines, powdery beaches; superlative shelling, snorkeling, and scuba diving among the shoals, reefs, lagoons and inlets (of Noumea, Isle of Pines, Ile Ouen); deep-sea fishing for sailfish, bonito, marlin; one of world's longest barrier reefs (all along west coast). A French Overseas Territory, the island peppers its gentle Melanesian stew with Gallic piquancy; savor it in the floor shows of numerous *boîtes de nuit* and the popular boutiques of Noumea, chic beach resorts and clubs; weekly regattas.

Rarotonga and Aitutaki, Cook Islands What's Cook-ing on the big two of 15 newly self-governing (1965) islands, many of which were discovered by Captain You-Know-Who in 1773? Expect dugouts not discos, shelling not shopping, lazy lagoons not landmarks. Water sports galore, biking, golf, walks on coral reefs, plantation visits, paddling outrigger canoes, trips to *maraes* (archaeological sites), early churches and missions, friendly Maori folk by the score. Special feasts at local hotels offer best chance to see Cook Island dancers, considered among best in Pacific. The Rarotongan is biggest (150 rooms) Hotel on Rarotonga; Rapae Motel is *only* hotel (13 units) on Aitutaki. Air New Zealand flies from New Zealand, Fiji, Tahiti, and Los Angeles.

Yap stone money is hard currency.

Yap, Micronesia No man is an island—well, maybe. John Donne might have revised his line if he'd visited this most primitive Micronesian hideaway, on the air route (Continental's) from Guam to Palau. What's to Yap about: locals still happy in grass skirts and loincloths; Yap money—you can't take it with you because it's made of huge stone wheels; the tiny but busy little village of Colonia with its contented mix of old ways and motorcycles. There's plenty to do—if doing nothing means "plenty" to you. Or you can visit Colonia's Yap Museum or Rull's stone-money bank. Try it, you might like it, at least for a day or two. Friendly folks. Two hotels offer simple accommodations.

A hammock on Heron Island, Australia.

Great Barrier Reef, Australia Islands in the sun, more than 700 of them off Queensland's coast, sheltered from Pacific by massive coral ramparts, visitable by helicopter, small plane, or boat. Prime tourist targets: Heron Island, national park and bird preserve (sea eagles, mutton birds, noddy terns), with incredible snorkeling, underwater reef life, fishing, beach, water-sport wonderland; Dunk, for beachcombing, oystering, swinging by rope bridge to Mount Koo-tal-oo; Hayman, lush tropic island where the lingering—and loafing—is easy; Lizard, remote, rough-cut, relentlessly beautiful, devoted to big-game fishing, explore reef 10 miles away.

Vava'u, Tonga If you want to get away from it all and really *mean* it, Vava'u is 170 miles north of Tonga, which isn't exactly Times Square itself. Coral viewing in glass-bottom boats, snorkeling, picnicking, spelunking, horseback riding Tonga-style (bareback)—that's about it. Surprisingly fine small hotel (Port of Refuge International, 29 rooms) overlooks landlocked harbor, a scenic wonder, whose passage is polka-dotted with fjordlike islands. Accessible daily by air from Nuku'alofa.

Pago Pago, American Samoa If in Samoa your thoughts turn to Sadie Thompson and the Reverend Davidson, it figures. Somerset Maugham was supposedly inspired to write *Rain* by his 1916 stay at a hotel in Fagatogo, now Max Halleck Store #3. Before you "go native," remember the Polynesian natives here are a God-fearing, churchgoing (twice on Sundays) crowd. Experience *Fa'a Samoa* ("the Sa-

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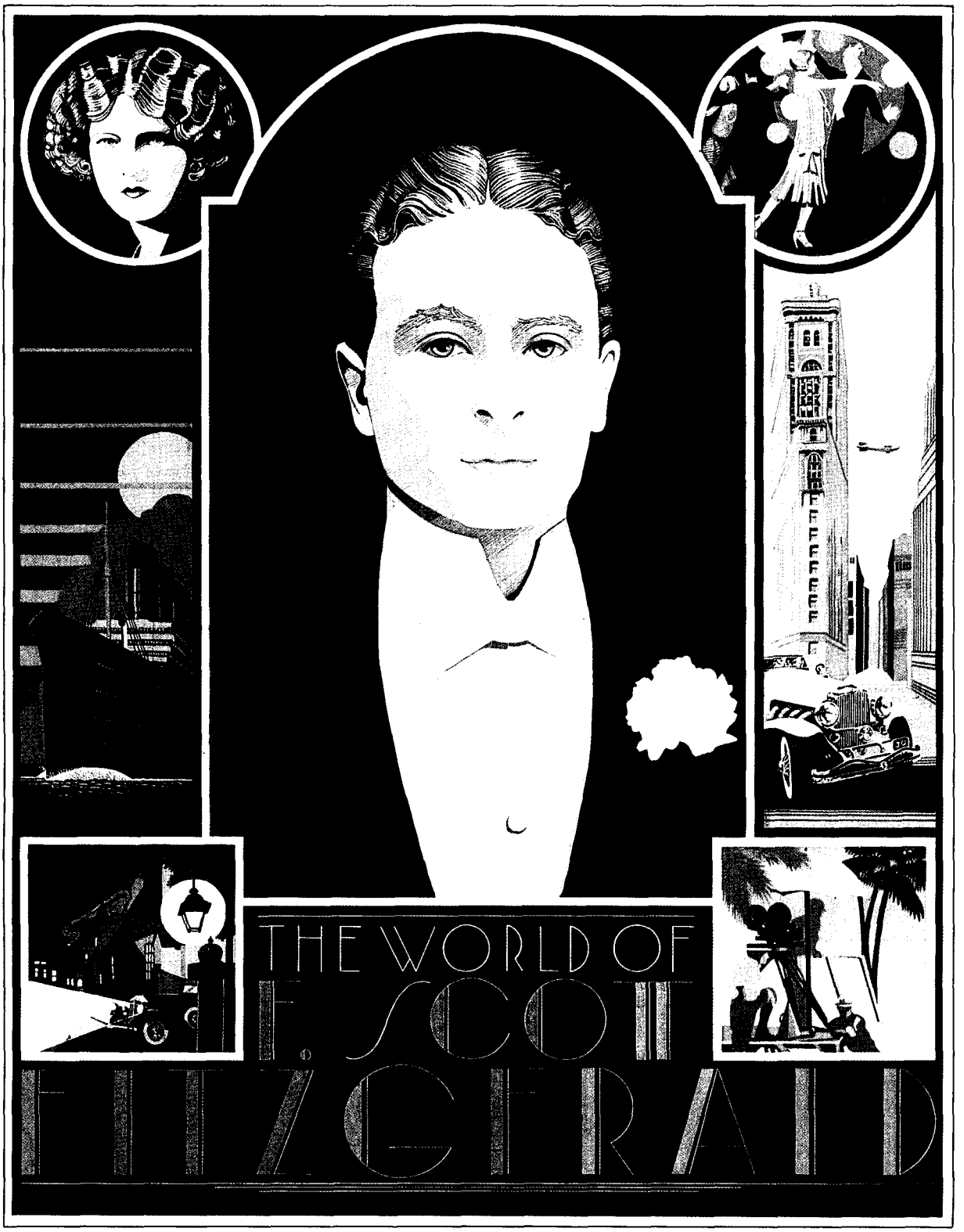

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moan way") by an overnight at a guest *fale* (house). Enjoy a *fiafia* of roast pig, breadfruit, taro, and coconut pudding. Ride the Mount Alava Tramway (one of world's largest single-span cable cars). For a *real* getaway, fly to undeveloped Ta'u, where Margaret Mead researched her classic *Coming of Age in Samoa*. Best months for Samoan sojourn: trade-winds time, June to October.

Sulawesi, Indonesia A new international airport—a new destination. Sulawesi (formerly the Celebes) is IT. Just 400 miles from the Philippines, center of cloves ("gold trees") and copra, home of the six tribes of Proto-Malays (the Minahasas, Christians in a Moslem nation). Don't miss! Sandy beaches, ancient *warugas* (tombs), "cliff" graves of Lemo, sacred pools, honeycomb caves used in World War II by Japanese intelligence, hot springs, bull-cart races, *kolingtang* music.

Molokai, Hawaii Twenty minutes by air from Honolulu, half a century away in time, the latest of Hawaii's islands targeted for resort development. A new resort Sheraton with golf, tennis, nearby horseback riding doesn't detract from the island's fantastic mountain views, beaches, textured terrain. Ride the Molokai mule to Kalaupapa Lookout, go squidding, explore the rain forest, waterfalls, cliffs, Molokai Ranch Wildlife Park, and see Phallic Rock, world's largest (six foot) fertility symbol.

Terraced rice paddies, Taiwan.

Taiwan Overshadowed at the moment by the big nearby opening, but don't underestimate Taiwan, 13,890 square miles of varied and beautiful terrain. Formosa, or "beautiful isle" (which is what the Portuguese who discovered it in 1590 dubbed it), is a mix of densely forested mountain peaks (some more than 10,000 feet high), terraced rice paddies, lakes, and undulating landscapes. Hit bustly capital Taipei to see National Palace Museum (full of all the Chinese treasures Chiang Kai-shek spirited away) and work over some of the best regional Chinese wokery you'll find in a single spot. Then skip about the countryside to: Taroko Gorge and its Bridge of Motherly Devotion; Sun Moon Lake, a two-in-one treat (sun and moon shapes); Jade Mountain for its spectacular sunsets. Prices still modest.

Marquesas, French Polynesia Gauguin would feel right at home (in fact he is—his grave is on Hiva Oa) on any of the Marquesas' six inhabited volcanic islands (11 in the entire group). More than a stone's throw—750 miles northeast as a matter of fact—from Tahiti, but reachable once a week via Air Polynesie. Planes land on Ua Huka or Hiva Oa—other islands accessible by schooner. Nuku Hiva is main island. Lodging on all six islands with local families—write Tahiti Tourist Board for reservations. This is true getaway territory—serene, idyllic, islandic. Herman Melville wrote *Typee* on halcyon Hiva Oa; its peaceful waters, gentle people, natural existence could inspire *you*. ◉

P.J. Kersten is a freelance writer who specializes in vagabonding.

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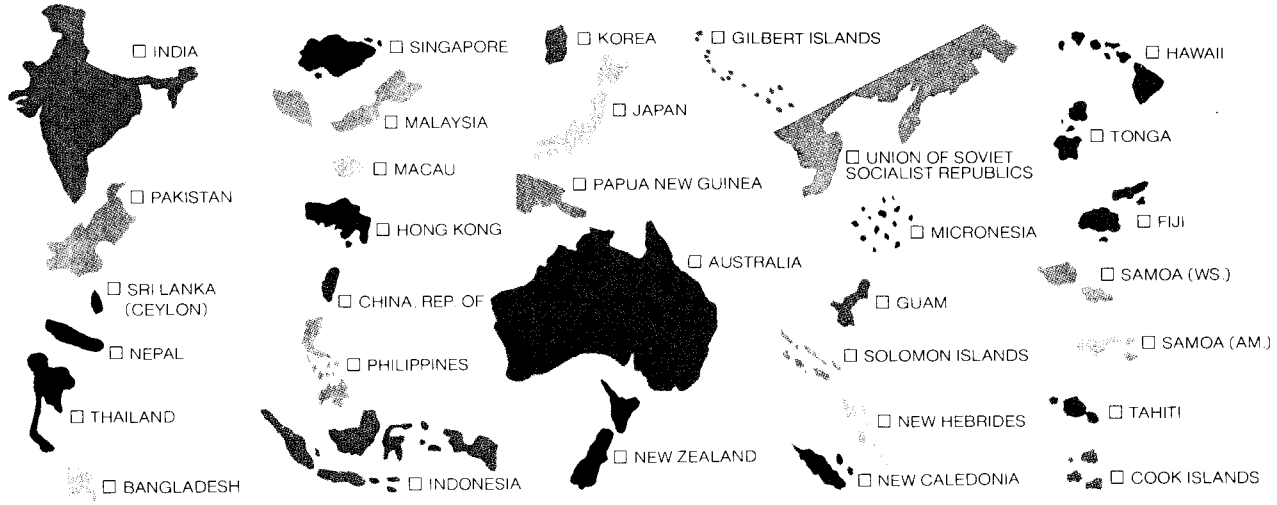

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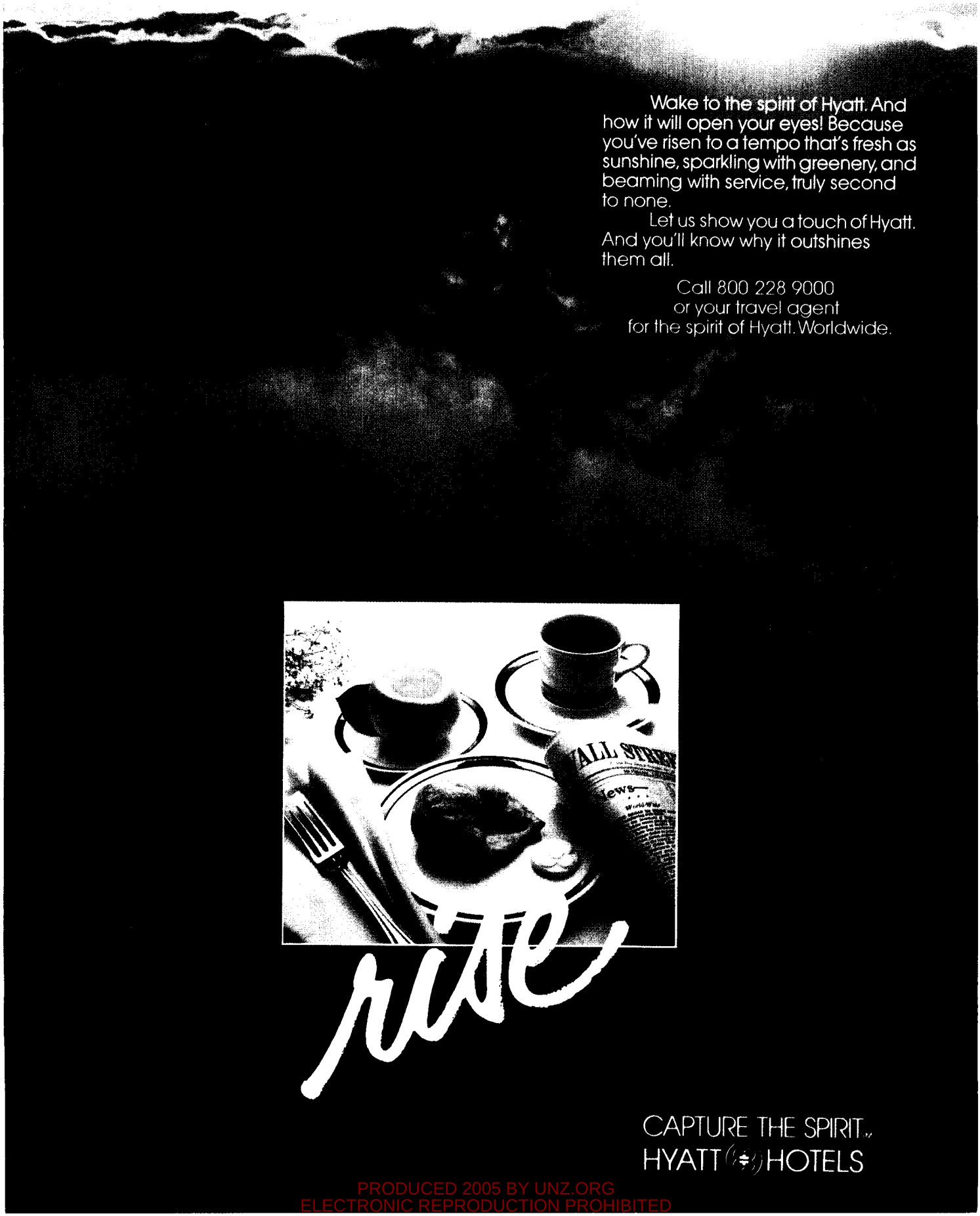

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India:

JOSEPH G. STANDART III

The New Culinary Chic

by Patricia Wells

WHEN LILLIAN CARTER visits the White House, it's not southern fried chicken or pecan pie she craves, but spicy, potato-stuffed *paratha*, sweet *basmati* rice, and parchment-thin lentil wafers.

In fact, on a recent visit, the President's mother entertained a group of Peace Corps friends from her days in India, ordering out for a subtly spiced assortment of foods from a popular Indian restaurant near the White House.

Although a single affair catered to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue hardly constitutes a presidential endorsement of a cuisine, it does add a certain cachet. And it's safe to say that Mrs. Carter and her friends are part of a new culinary trend toward the spicy foods of India.

The flavor of India is well on its way to becoming this year's exotic cuisine, a successor to Japanese teppanyaki cooking, the souvlakia craze, the Szechuan explosion, which was followed by the Hunanese hots. India's careful balance of spices, the unlimited assortment of vegetables, breads, and meats, offer new sensations to the palate. The foods of India also stand for good value and healthy eating. Like Chinese restaurants, many of the new Indian establishments are family-run, so offer a homey, personal touch, along with a menu of low-priced dishes.

Nor can one ignore the health aspects of the Indian cuisine. The majority of Indians are vegetarians, and although most Americans are hardly ready to give up their taste for meat, they are willing to sample the vegetarian life one or two days a week. Even when meat and poultry are included, the Indian cuisine is a low-fat, vegetable-rich one that satisfies a newfound American desire for eating what is good for you.

And, as most vegetarians know, finding a good vegetarian restaurant in this country is a true challenge. So it's no surprise that the non-meat-eating set would quickly embrace the food of a people who have had thousands of years to develop a balanced and varied vegetarian cuisine. With its generous use of *dals*—lentils, chick peas, and split peas—Indian food provides plenty of high-quality protein. And the sheer number of vegetable dishes available offers endless variety.

A decade ago, Americans in search of an authentic Indian meal in this country would have to cultivate an Indian friend or book an excursion on Air India. Today such cities as Charlotte, North Carolina, Houston, and San Francisco all support thriving Indian establishments. Even New York City, the nation's culinary showplace, had no "white tablecloth" Indian restaurant until 1974, when the now popular Gaylord's opened.

Now, depending upon who's counting, Manhattan boasts more than 40 restaurants featuring such savory delights as *tandoori* chicken, delicately spiced Kashmiri lamb stews, and cool and soothing cucumber and yogurt *raita*. When the richly elegant Raga appeared in Rockefeller Center in 1977, it quickly became a sophisticated cornerstone of the refined Indian table.

Beyond Manhattan, Washington, D.C., harbors an enticing assortment of young Indian restaurants, four of them situated in the city's most elegant neighborhood: Georgetown.

Two years ago Jagdish Katyal, a native of Bombay, opened his Tandoor restaurant on Georgetown's busy M Street and offered Washingtonians their first taste of authentic tandoor food, cooked to rich, red tenderness in the large, fiery, tandoor clay oven imported from India.

Last year, the restaurant was already on *Washingtonian* magazine's "10 best" list, and Tandoor had such a following it decided to open for Sunday brunch, once a holiday meal at which eggs benedict were considered proper festive nourishment. A chef from Washington's Tandoor recently opened his own restaurant in Raleigh, North Carolina, and in January residents of Charlotte were introduced to Raga, a bright and elegant Indian restaurant deep in the heart of the land of pork barbecue, cream cheese, and red pepper jelly. Soon, owners of the Manhattan-based Raga hope to open in Washington and in Houston, while Washington's Tandoor is looking into another location outside the D.C. area.

Houston, in fact, as the nation's fastest growing metropolis, possessed of cosmopolitan tastes, is surveyed by many Indian restaurateurs as a city ripe for this cuisine of the East.

So much interest, cultural and culinary, has developed in the West that last year New York's Bloomingdale's spon-

Raga's Goa fish curry— "On the way to becoming this year's exotic cuisine."

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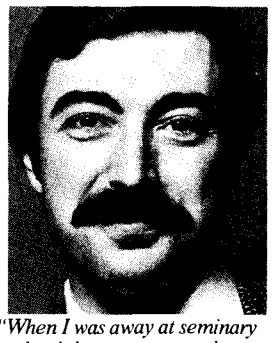

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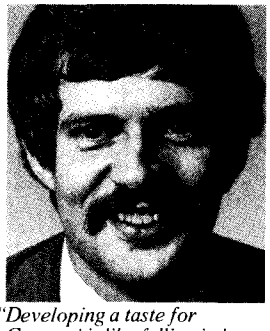
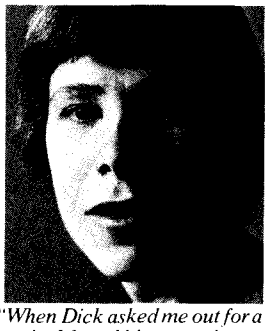


"Developing a taste for Campari is like falling in love. It takes a while but it's fun along the way." —Stephen Peppler, Schofield, WI



"When Dick asked me out for a soda, I found him engaging. When the soda was mixed with Campari, I found myself engaged." —Babs Klein, Cheyenne, WY

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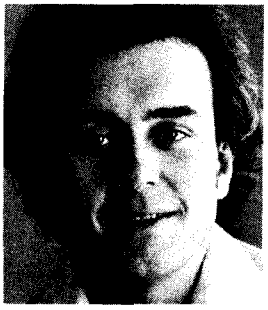

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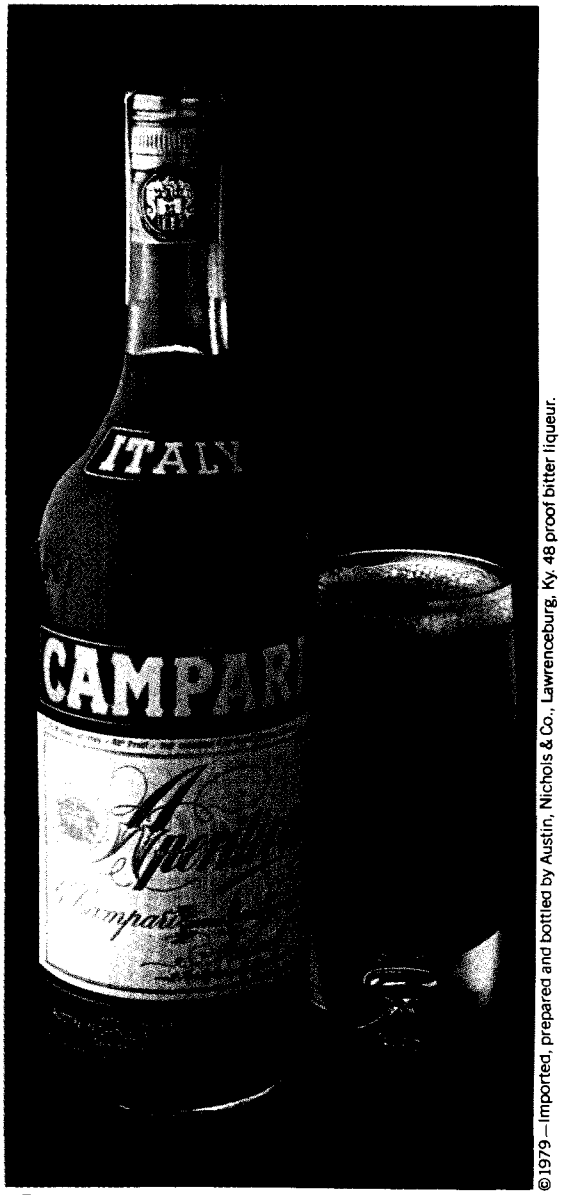

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THE PALMY PACIFIC

sored a month-long storewide promotion of all things Indian, featuring fabrics, foods, and jewelry.

From fascination, to visits to restaurants, to trips to India itself, the predilection for the spicy ways of the subcontinent has spread to the American home. Amateur cooks are learning to prepare marinated shrimp, chunky fruit chutney, and deep-fried *bhatura* breads in their own kitchens.

Mail-order spice shops, such as New York's Aphrodesia, report a growing awareness across the country of the herbs and spices essential to the taste of India. And cooking schools, such as Madhur Jaffrey's classes in Manhattan and Julie Sahni's in Brooklyn, are suddenly filling up with students who a year ago didn't know nan from chappati.

A recent article on Mrs. Sahni's Indian brunches prompted a flood of phone calls, from publishers as well as department stores, anxious for Mrs. Sahni to share her cuisine with Americans.

Mrs. Sahni's classes, which range from special sessions on Indian breadmaking to an elegant Kashmiri dinner, are held in her sun-filled Brooklyn apartment overlooking New York's Brooklyn Bridge.

She admitted that when she first began teaching in 1974, she'd ask students why they were interested in Indian food and they'd often reply that "every other class in town was filled" so they settled for Indian cooking. Now it's for her classes that students stand in line, particularly to explore the Indian breads, including the fragrant, stuffed *parathas*, the flat *chappatis*, and lentil *papad*.

Most of Sahni's classes are small—she limits them to three or four students, demanding full participation from all. Course prices vary, ranging from $35 for individual lessons to $175 for six three-hour classes.

Along with recipes, Mrs. Sahni, who also works full time as an architect and city planner for the city of New York, offers students an impeccably organized booklet that includes maps of her native land and lists of spices and spice shops.

Indian food also lends itself well to the growing eclecticism among home cooks—a tomato chutney served with a roast lamb as part of a more traditional French meal. While you may not be up to preparing a full Indian meal, complete with three or four vegetable dishes, two breads, a poultry and a meat dish, you might prepare a simple white rice with a tandoori-style chicken. And after a taste of some of the sweet and different Indian desserts—such as the savory pistachio-covered dates—chocolate cake and apple pie may never seem the same again. ◉

Patricia Wells is a food reporter for the New York Times.

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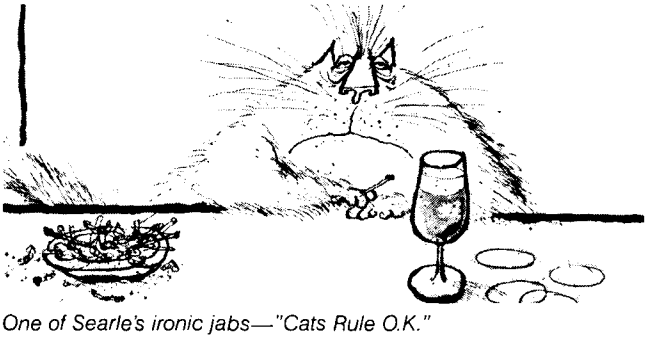
LOOKOUTS

Elaine Paige as Eva in the London Production of Evita.

Presidential Affairs

The story of Eva Peron's rise and fall must be one of the most spectacular in the history of womankind. But in the hands of Harold Prince, who directed the London production of *Evita*, the Argentinian prostitute who would be president became merely a vehicle for his stage wizardry. Film clips of the real Evita, a generals' game of musical chairs played with specially designed oversized rockers (Juan Peron wins), a rotating door that reveals the ever more prestigious gentlemen involved in Eva's social sleeping, a "curtain" made of huge lights embedded in the stage floor and covered with plastic, are some of the "tricks" that helped make *Evita* London's most successful musical of 1978.

An American production of *Evita* has just opened the Civic Light Opera season in Los Angeles (through July 7). From there it will travel to San Francisco (July 17 to September 1), and then to Broadway on September 10.



One of Searle's ironic jabs—"Cats Rule O.K."

Creditable Caricatures

Ronald Searle is another in the short line of caricaturists whose command of the medium has earned him the title "artist." Searle—best known for his caustic jabs (appropriately rendered with a graphic pen dipped in acid) at such foolishness as the senseless busy-ness of businessmen—has spent the past decade experimenting with new media and themes. He's now added color lithography and medal-making to his credits. Thematically, he's moved from spearing daily foibles to attacking general absurdities—like the destruction of our environment. One hundred ninety-seven of Searle's recent pieces have been collected in *Ronald Searle* (Mayflower Books).

Mississippi Derby

For two weeks next month (June 18 to 30) Jackson, Mississippi, will host a dance derby: America's first International Ballet Competition. Modeled on the famous one held biennially in Varna, Bulgaria (where, by the way, Baryshnikov, Nagy, and Bujones were discovered), the American event will give young dancers the chance to present their talents to a 14-member jury headed by Yuri Grigorovich (artistic director of the Bolshoi Ballet) and Robert Joffrey (founder-director of the Joffrey Ballet). Olympic-style medals and cash prizes (supplied by the sponsors, Mississippi Ballet International, Inc.) are of course nothing to scoff at, but the real reward will be the opportunity for the young hopefuls to claim the undivided attention of the jury and other dance savants attending.

Accompanying the competition and its schedule of classes, lectures, and films, to which the public is welcome, will be a festival of performing arts, an international arts and crafts fair, an international crafts film festival, and a salute to Diaghilev exhibit.

Homage to Juarez *(1932)—Nonpolitical, so unacceptable (then).*

The Big Fourth

In the post-revolutionary Mexico of the early 20th century it was the nonpolitical artist who stood alone. Rufino Tamayo refused to use his European influenced abstractions to express revolutionary ideals—at the same time that the "big three" (Orozco, Rivera, and Siqueiros) were churning out propagandist murals. So, in 1938 he decided he would have to leave his country if his art was to survive. Naturally, as Tamayo became internationally known and Mexican attitudes changed, the troublesome artist won back his country's affection, and Mexico's "big three" became the "big four."

Through August 12 a major retrospective of Tamayo's work will be on view, along with about 150 examples of Mexican and pre-Columbian art, at the Guggenheim Museum in New York City.

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For the Record

Classic, dark Nesterenko.

The affinity of the Russian composer Modest Mussorgsky for the bass voice is best demonstrated in Boris and other operas, but it is also contained in some celebrated songs. In *Mussorgsky Songs* (Columbia/Melodiya), Yevgeny Nesterenko of the Bolshoi Theater provides a classic dark sound for "Songs and Dances of Death" and the "Sunless" cycle, two powerful examples of Mussorgsky's sardonic genius. (The seldom-recorded cycle looks forward to many things to come, especially Debussy's "Nocturnes.") The "Song of the Flea" makes a suitably risible encore. •

Peacock and his wailing double bass.

The title *December Poems* (Warner/ECM) suggests anything but what this disc provides: a recital of self-composed pieces for double bass by Gary Peacock. His wails in the high register and grunts in the low are echoed sympathetically by the saxophone of Jan Garbarek in "Winterlude" and "Greenwings." Recorded in Oslo, Norway, which may explain some of the atmosphere. •

Any recording that brings together such vocalists as Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Hermann Prey, baritones; Peter Schreier, tenor; and Theo Adam, bass, demands attention, regardless (almost) of the subject matter. When that subject matter is Franz Schubert's seldom-heard *Alfonso und Estrella*, the only comment can be: "Why hesitate?"

Schubert considered *A&E* (written in 1822) an opera, a rather extravagant estimate of a score whose drama lies more in the music than in the action (of the "mythical kingdom" variety). There is, however, Schubertian magic from the overture on, though the voice of Edith Mathis (Estrella) is not what it used to be. Conductor Otmar Suitner has made the Berlin orchestra give the technicians (Angel) what Schubert merits. •

The late Percy Grainger was perhaps the greatest exponent of the Grieg A Minor Piano Concerto, and his piano roll of the work has been converted by a team of Australian technicians (Grainger was born in Melbourne) into a sound with astonishingly lifelike character (RCA). With John Hopkins's vivacious conducting of the Sydney Symphony, the Grainger Grieg regrooved is an extraordinary wedding of creativity and technology. Side two contains many of Grainger's beloved compositions—"Molly on the Shore" and "Irish Tune From County Derry" (also known as "Danny Boy"), as recorded with Leopold Stokowski conducting in 1950. • —**I.K.**

In the bronze Buddha Triad *(8th century), style was "Koreanized".*

Korea Fever

The latest in spectacle art has arrived—before we've had a chance to recover from Tut fever. *5,000 Years of Korean Art* has just opened at the Asian Art Museum of San Francisco (through September 30), the first stop on a two-year, seven-city tour.

The show of 345 objects from recent excavations and from public and private collections traces the artistic history of the small, somewhat isolated country sandwiched between China and Japan. Korea, which has been inhabited by many peoples during the five millennia of its existence, has never allowed its artistic tradition to be eclipsed by "invading" artistic styles. Instead, it has absorbed them, forging its own styles and tradition.

After leaving San Francisco, *5,000 Years* will travel to Seattle (November 1, 1979 to January 13, 1980), Chicago (February 16 to April 27), Cleveland (June 10 to August 10), Boston (September 16 to November 30), New York City (January 5 to March 15, 1981), and Kansas City (April 17 to June 14, 1981).

Stoneware vessel, Warrior on Horseback *(5th-6th century A.D.)*

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THE UNDRESSED MAN

by Vicki Goldberg

THE MIND TEEMS with naked women from the history of art—Ingres, Renoir, Matisse—but it pauses a moment to recall male nudes more recent than antiquity. Which merely indicates how limited the mind can be. For centuries the male nude dominated painting and sculpture. Artists and patrons considered him the chief glory of art; only in the 19th century did he become an embarrassment. From the Renaissance onward, the naked hero had a distinct public function. He could be admired in church, playing the martyred saint, or in the public square, where the Florentines voted to place Michelangelo's *David*. By the 20th century, public appreciation of the nude male's heroism, classicism, virtue, and symbolism had evaporated as humanism declined, and the naked male went into eclipse. A scant 10 or more years ago he staged an undramatic comeback. Today the form, still tentative and threatening, has regained a crumb of attention.

But no more than a crumb. When Margaret Walters's *The Nude Male: A New Perspective* (Paddington Press) was published in England, it was widely reviewed in the press and discussed on radio; when published here, radio kept mum and only one major paper touched it. Not until 1978 would a gallery, the Pfeifer Gallery in New York, hang an historical selection of photographs of the male nude.

The struggle to erase the blush from the male body has run up against a major obstacle: the public. The year 1979 gallops along, but in the psyche, 1850 still walks with solemn gait. Marcuse Pfeifer, assembling her photography show, was advised several times that the idea was more than a little perverse. To a man, the critics found the show hard to deal with. Gene Thornton of the *New York Times* felt there was "something disconcerting about the sight of a man's naked body being presented primarily as a sex object." Ben Lifson of the *Village Voice* thought most looked like pin-up shots. Both apparently expressed a widespread fear of passivity, femininity, ho-

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, GIFT OF THE CANTOR FITZGERALD COLLECTION

Rodin's Study for the Naked Balzac *(1891-92)—Inspired by the conceit of nude heroism.*

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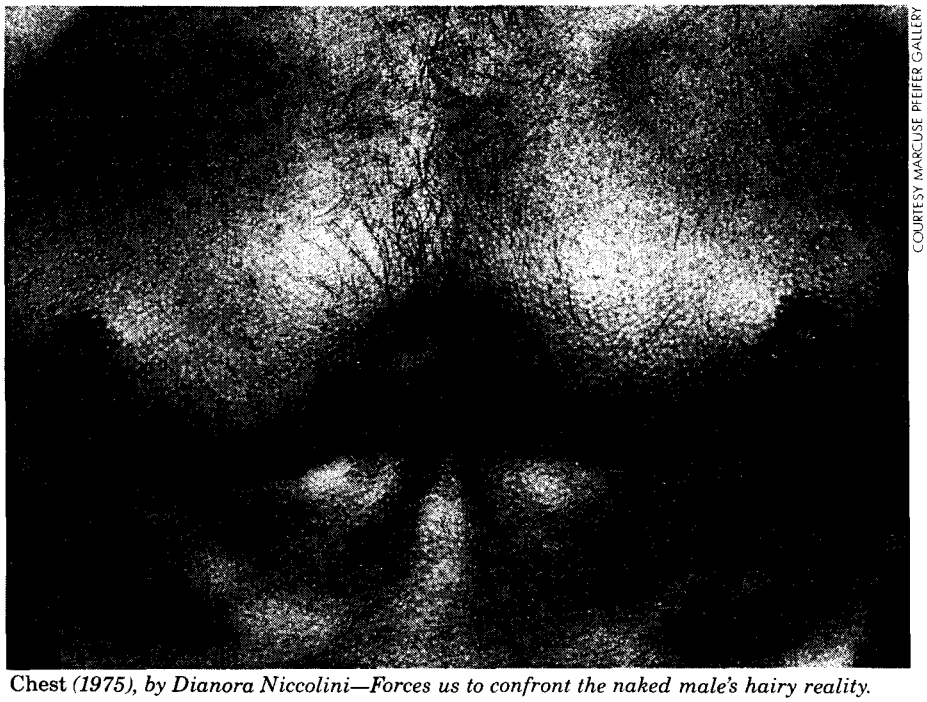
mosexuality. *New York* magazine's John Ashbery commented that "Nude women seem to be in their natural state; men, for some reason, merely look undressed"—a resounding thump for the *status quo,* which assumes that women's bodies are made primarily for men's contemplation. Lifson's review added that "a man's body doesn't lend itself to abstraction like a woman's." This remark is nonsense. The marble Greek male nudes of the sixth century B.C. are magnificently abstracted.

The male nude today does present a challenge to traditional aesthetics by adding two new elements—sex and realism. Historically, male nudity was almost never exclusively a sexual matter. In Greece and Rome it stood for, among other things, kinship to the gods. Roman emperors, such as Hadrian, had themselves immortalized in a state of godly undress. (Their wives did not.) In the Renaissance and for several centuries afterward, male nudity signified classical aspirations, often combined with Christian morality, as when the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V was portrayed in bronze as naked Virtue. The conceit of nude heroism lasted long enough to inspire a mighty nude Napoleon, a Beethoven, and Rodin's planned naked monuments to Victor Hugo and Balzac. Michelangelo had set the standard; from his day to the early 19th century, the male nude was considered nobler than the female.

Artists in the 1960s and 70s have changed the tapes again. Eunice Golden paints erections, Alice Neel puts John Perreault into the languid posture of an odalisque, Anita Steckel pokes fun at the phallus, which sprouts wings or impulsively flashes out across staid school portraits. The contemporary nude is often deliberately impolite. Peter Hujar photographs a young man masturbating, and Jacqueline Livingston, a young boy. Kenneth Clark never prepared us for this.

Nor for the realism of photographs. Art in its endless idealization long kept men young, slim, and scraped clean of body hair, and made the penis tidy and sweet and pale. Photography will not oblige. It is bad enough that there is no comfortable setting to put a male nude into today, so that painters tend to shift them about in studios and photographers to corner them implausibly in factories. We are also forced to confront their hairy reality.



COURTESY MARCUSE PFEIFER GALLERY

Chest *(1975), by Dianora Niccolini—Forces us to confront the naked male's hairy reality.*

Sex and reality sneaked into the male nude picture without much warning. John H. Gagnon, Professor of Sociology at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, remarked in an interview that this century's campaign to liberate sexuality was for a long time a literary affair. There were no censored paintings to be considered by the Supreme Court partly because artists were not violently flouting accepted priorities. The literary revolution that broke down barriers in books and life was inspired by heterosexual men like Lawrence and Joyce whose preference for female bodies was perfectly clear even when their prose was not. The printed page became unabashedly libertine, but the visual image, which is harder for the poor psyche to defend against, clung to the established lubricity: Matisse's available, expressionless houris, Modigliani's juicy and vulnerable sirens. The passive female nude has long been a staple on the shopping list of the male consumer of art.

A raised consciousness would like to rewrite that scenario. Women (and some men) artists are seeking a new validity and a newly viable form for the male nude. Explicitness is one gambit, anonymity another—many photographers focus on torsos or fragments of the headless body. Since tradition has handed down almost no artistic conventions for depicting naked male sexuality, the up-to-date nude sometimes looks uneasily like a female nude transposed and sometimes simply looks uneasy. In the past, women did not limn the male nude; the current situation embarrassingly disrupts the male monopoly on voyeurism. Earlier centuries forbade women to draw naked men; since men were the traditional, and in the European academies the only, models, this stricture kept many women out of the profession. Michelangelo's Libyan Sibyl on the Sistine ceiling is based on a study of the male nude to which he added a breast or two. The model in the 18th-century French academy was male and a civil servant at that, with no fixed retirement age, a distinct drawback if the fellow was long-lived and the painter wished to paint Cupid. The great female nudes of the past were generally recruited out on the street or from a man's bed.

Today, although accomplished painters like Jillian Denby and Martha Edelheit can turn the male nude into art, and Lucas Samaras can distort his own body on Polaroid into the semblance of a dream, the male nude is essentially homeless. There is neither reverence nor fondness for it, nor even much public acceptance.

Women's frank appreciation, however, might be rearranging matters; it would be splendid, and ironic, if women were the ones to restore men's sense of the beauty and dignity of their bodies. But art without allies cannot mold an attitude. Michelangelo's conviction that the soul was expressed through the body and Jacques-Louis David's belief in the inherent nobility of the classic form were shared by their viewing public. Joy in the body's grace must exist in the culture, as it did in Greece, in order to be sanctified in art. To reinstate the male nude as an important art form would require a return to some consensus that it was precious, or connoted virtue, godliness, or at least Christian shame. Otherwise we shall have to achieve some measure of familiarity and comfort with the lineaments of desire. Barring that, the male nude will remain half-private, slightly awkward, an art form cast loose from its traditions and in search of some niche to call home. ◉

Vicki Goldberg is a contributing editor of American Photographer.

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Dunham's Legacy

Katherine Dunham—In the Forties, and today (inset).

Pearl Primus—Paying tribute in African garb.

AMERICA'S MODERN DANCE stems from "two mighty matriarchs," as Martha Graham once termed Isadora Duncan and her own great mentor-predecessor, Ruth St. Denis. But this past winter, in a gala performance at New York's Carnegie Hall, many of us realized that Katherine Dunham may be the third "mighty matriarch" of American contemporary dance.

A man who called himself Juba (William Henry Lane, a free-born black) was the first black to be hailed as "the greatest dancer in the world" by New York and London audiences of 1850. But Dunham, who began dancing professionally in 1931, was among the first of her race to conceive of black dance as art as well as entertainment.

Certainly she was the first to explore and use for dance the anthropological and ethnological origins of her race. With a Ph.D. in anthropology from the University of Chicago, she evolved not only a dance technique and style but a concept of black dance theater.

This year, on Martin Luther King Day at Carnegie Hall, Dunham received the 1979 Albert Schweitzer Music Award "for her contribution to the performing arts and her dedication to humanitarian work." A performance of historic Dunham creations was given by three generations of Dunham dancers: *The Cuban Suite, Rites of Passage, Field Hands* (all from 1938), *Flaming Youth* and *Cakewalk* (1942), *Shango* (1945), and other excerpts from her work. It was marvelous. (Grants from church groups, the Schweitzer Awards committee, and the National Endowment for the Arts funded these superb re-creations.)

But revivals for a gala are not enough. Plans are already afoot to establish a company to present a repertory season of complete Dunham works and videotape them for posterity.

Katherine Dunham's career began with her formation of Ballet Nègre in 1931, while she was still a college student, and continued with her formal debut as a dancer in 1933 in Ruth Page's *La Guiablesse*. Then she shifted into high gear: She was appointed dance director of the Negro Unit of the Chicago branch of the Federal Theater Project (a division of the Works Progress Administration) in 1938, named dance director of the New York Labor Stage in 1939, and in 1940 made a sensationally successful New York debut with her own black dance troupe, a company that achieved and for the most part maintained international stature for the next quarter century.

Dunham's dance revues, with stunning sets and costumes designed by her husband, John Pratt, centered chiefly on Afro-Caribbean cultures, although the director did not overlook continental Americana or her African heritage. Her talents as both dancer and choreographer brought her more fame in stage musicals *(Cabin in the Sky)* and movies.

In the last dozen years, she has devoted herself to underprivileged black youths in East St. Louis, Illinois, where she heads the Performing Arts Training Center at Southern Illinois University, and where she and her staff work in various community centers.

Pearl Primus, who also had a doctor's degree in anthropology, followed Dunham in the development of black dance. Primus began her career as a modern dancer in programs featuring powerful dances of social protest on behalf of her race, and then turned to her African heritage to become the world's foremost authority on African dance.

Primus—who established a performing-arts center in Liberia at the government's invitation and who has been an advisor to a number of other African governments on the preservation and theatrical development of their dances and ceremonies—appeared briefly at the Dunham gala to pay tribute to the First Lady of Black Dance. Primus

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proffered her praise in African garb to drum accompaniment. The applause rocked Carnegie to its foundations.

Two months later, she and her dancer-husband, Percival Borde, and their company, appeared in a sold-out engagement at the Riverside Festival in the attractive and dance-active Theater of the Riverside Church in New York City.

Dunham and Primus dances are represented in the huge repertory of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, resident at the New York City Center in their fall and spring seasons. Ailey's interracial troupe also includes works by some white American dance forebears—for instance, Ted Shawn, Jack Cole (a product of Ruth St. Denis, Shawn, and their Denishawn Dancers), and Ailey's own teacher, Lester Horton.

Horton, a white ballet student from the Middle West and not an artistic descendant of either the Duncan or Denishawn schools, established an experimental group in Los Angeles at about the time Dunham was launching her own career in Chicago.

Horton searched for American dance roots in the legends, lore, rhythms, and characteristics of the American Indian. But his later and greater contribution to American dance, other than some powerful dance works, is the great black dancers he trained, like Janet Collins and Carmen De Lavallade.

Collins's solo concerts electrified audiences in the 1940s and 1950s and were partly responsible for her becoming the Metropolitan Opera's first black *première danseuse*. (Horton's white trainees included the distinguished dancer-actor James Mitchell and the late Doris Humphrey's last protegée, Joyce Trisler, founder-director of today's internationally known Danscompany.)

De Lavallade, for some seasons a partner of Ailey, this year composed her own ballet, *Sensemaya* (based on a Mexican Indian myth of the creation), for the renascent Dance Theatre of Harlem, the first all-black classical ballet company in history.

The troupe, co-directed by Harlem-born Arthur Mitchell and the Dutch Karel Shook, presented a brilliant engagement at the New York City Center this past winter. Despite an enforced hiatus (because of funding problems) and a major turnover in personnel, the reborn DTH excelled in contemporary classical ballets by George Balanchine (one of the company's artistic godfathers) and in De Lavallade's dynamic and dazzling Aztec (or, more properly, Nahuatlan) ritual.

Multidance heritages merge in this De Lavallade-Mitchell collaboration. Before he became the first black male principal dancer under Balanchine in the New York City Ballet, Mitchell had excelled as a modern dancer in works choreographed by John Butler, himself a product of Martha Graham and hence a descendant, artistically, of St. Denis. At New York City's unique High School of Performing Arts, Mitchell had studied both classical ballet and modern dance.

De Lavallade—in addition to performing dances by Horton, Butler, Ailey, Geoffrey Holder (her husband), and other choreographers (herself included)—is a distinguished interpreter of two historic St. Denis solos, *The Incense* (which opened St. Denis's first concert program in 1906) and *The Yogi* (which was an unqualified success in Vienna in 1908).

Other black dancer-choreographers like Talley Beatty (a Dunham original), Donald McKayle (a former student of Graham), and a later generation too numerous to list have created their own black dance tradition.

With representatives of dance, theater, music, and humanitarian causes paying tribute to Katherine Dunham a half-century later, an American dance journey has reached a milestone. It was abundantly clear on this occasion that the course of dance in America had been plotted by three "mighty matriarchs": Duncan, St. Denis, Dunham.

—Walter Terry

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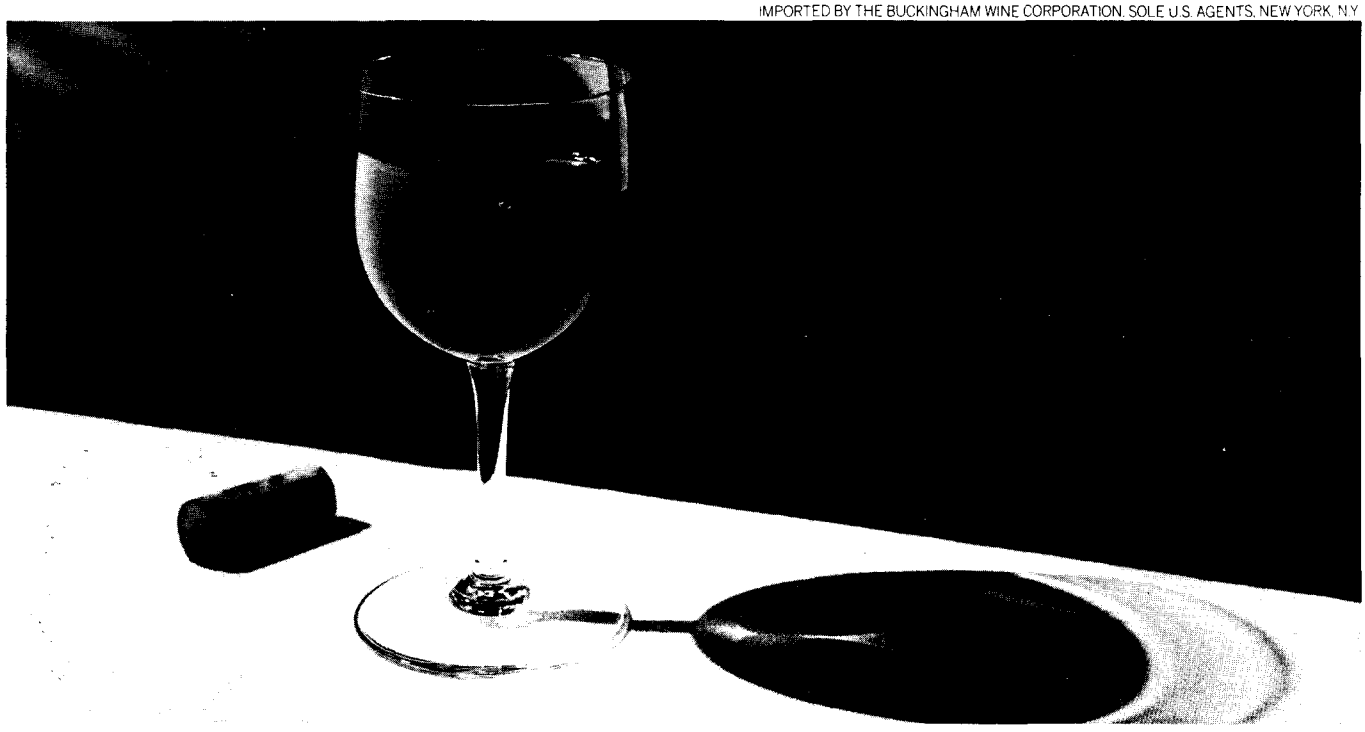

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The Heart of the Beast

AMERICAN TELEVISION combines the body of a lion with the heart of a rabbit. So tremendous is its latent power, and so great are the risks of blundering, that timidity predominates. For this reason, I would argue, there are no TV equivalents of film directors like Altman, Truffaut, or Kubrick. What self-respecting *auteur* could tolerate the hundred constraints that typify network programming?

Television is above all a producer's medium. Without the gifted producer serving as broker and buffer, hardly anything of consequence would appear on the home screen. The simplest decision involves intricate negotiations that take into account everything from network rivalry and federal regulations to the sensibilities of a sponsor. The producer takes the heat—and earns the glory, if anything superior results.

A new book by Geoffrey Cowan, *See No Evil* (Simon & Schuster), provides a vivid cardiogram that illuminates the essential problem. Cowan, a young communications lawyer whose father was once a CBS president, describes the backstage politics that brought about the introduction of "family viewing time" in 1975. He has drawn on his experiences as a legal consultant to Norman Lear and the Writer's Guild of America for the devastating vignettes that have made his book readable as well as important.

To an outsider, the notion of family viewing may seem innocuous, even wholesome. What could be wrong with setting aside two prime-time hours, from 7 to 9 PM, for programming suitable to all ages? The short answer is that, given the nature of the industry, what was intended as a virtuous reform turned into a downhill slide to inanity.

It was a concern with gratuitous violence that prompted Richard E. Wiley, then FCC chairman, to sound out the networks in 1974 about self-restraint. Wiley had been under pressure from Congress to "do something," and in response, Arthur R. Taylor, an ambitious new president of CBS, came up with the idea of family viewing, which all three networks promptly adopted.

Ironically, the first test of the reform involved not violence but the content of Norman Lear's *All in the Family*, a top-rated CBS show then slotted at 8 PM, the most crucial time period. (According to industry wisdom, the network commanding that hour will probably dominate the evening.) When Lear refused to launder Archie Bunker's language, the show was moved to 9 PM, thereby substantially weakening the CBS schedule.

AILEEN ADAMS

Cowan dissects family viewing time.

DOROTHY TANOUS

Ben Stein sketches prime-time's creators.

In hilarious detail, *See No Evil* describes the hagglings of the producers of every adult comedy program with network censors over the use of "hell" and "damn," and any allusions to abortions, impotence, or virginity. Typically, the creators of *Phyllis* were forbidden to imply that a teenage girl might have slept with her boyfriend. Cowan quotes a CBS official as explaining: "What we're trying to do is not to offend the most uptight parent that we can imagine."

So affronted were producers and writers by these restraints that they challenged family viewing in court; their argument was upheld by a federal judge who ruled that the FCC, in violation of the First Amendment, had coerced the networks. Nonetheless, the code continues on a voluntary basis, and even though family viewing is now more liberally interpreted, ABC dominates the ratings with "kidvid" comedies nearly every evening at 8:00. These are the perils of reform.

As a diagnostic sketch of American television, Cowan's book strikes me as more profound than Ben Stein's widely praised *The View From Sunset Boulevard* (Basic Books). Stein, who also happens to be a lawyer, started with an ingenious idea—a collective portrait of the comparative handful of people in Los Angeles who create most prime-time TV—but then contented himself with a one-dimensional picture.

Obviously, as Stein contends, much of the imagery of television reflects the beliefs and prejudices of a highly homogeneous creative community living in L.A. But Stein is only partly right in asserting that America is sunnier and cleaner on the screen because California is. That big businessmen often figure as heavies, that racism is deplored, and that the poor are rarely shown as criminals indeed owes something to the generally "liberal" views of producers and writers.

Yet Stein seems to assume that Sunset Boulevard is autonomous. He fails to take into account network mandates to produce an upbeat picture of big cities for reasons that owe nothing to ideology but have much to do with audience demographics. The programs showing blacks and the poor in sympathetic roles are a recent development that reflects a changing American consensus no less than the predilections of Los Angeles producers (if the original *Roots* had drawn a paltry 20 share, there certainly would have been no *Roots II*).

It is telling that Stein barely refers to the pervasive constraints shaping prime-time programming: network censorship, organized viewer campaigns, advertiser pressures, ratings rivalry among them. As Geoffrey Cowan accurately remarks:

> For all its money and power, and notwithstanding the excellent material which occasionally appears, television programming is a highly competitive game played in large measure by essentially insecure executives who are obliged to be more concerned about ratings and sales than about television's true potential as an entertainment and information medium. *The personal tastes and artistic convictions of individual executives are, for the most part, irrelevant.* (Italics mine.)

Such, alas, is the heart of the beast.

—Karl E.Meyer

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Of Zoot Suits and Reet Pleats

FROM HULA-HOOPS to disco roller-skating, fads have followed the course of American history like pebbles marking the path where humans have trod. Our fads are the record of our foolishness, symbols of our decent giddiness. They are the refreshing antidote to the drab facts of wars and recessions and organized life. America's fads are "the human side of the news."

Which of our fads was ever sillier than the zoot suit of the Forties? The broad-brimmed hat and the knee-length jacket with its mile-wide shoulders and the pegged pants with a floor-length key chain. Zounds, what a costume!

Zoot suits were a daring business in 1942. If anything was in style at the time, it was conformity. After all, we were at war. So, these outfits gave the zoot suiters not only difference but distance. The clothes set the wearers apart from the good gray rest of us.

Because the zoot suit was a costume fad, it would seem to have great theatrical potential. Luis Valdez thinks it even has mythic qualities, symbolizing a time and temper in American history; and Valdez, being something of a mythic figure himself, is to be reckoned with. Luis Valdez organized and led El Teatro Campesino, a California street-theater group that became legendary during the heady and revolutionary Sixties. While other street theaters such as the San Francisco Mime Troupe and New York's Bread and Puppet Theatre put on anti-war plays, Valdez's troupe concentrated on organizing California's chicano farmworkers.

Last year Valdez created a production for the general public—a production that came to Broadway in March, financed by the commercial theater. One could understand why *Zoot Suit* drew him out from his noncommercial, cause-oriented past. To Valdez, the zoot suit was particularly Mexican-American and had fabulous theatrical potential. The zoot suit was brazen to look at, and the wearer was himself brazen to wear it; the costume represented racial conflict, racial response. It was symbolic, bigger than life. And so Valdez, as he had at El Teatro Campesino, wrote the play that he would stage—built it with fact and imagination and improvisation. Only instead of presenting it on the flatbed of a truck, Valdez did *Zoot Suit* at the handsome Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles.

MARTHA SWOPE

Zoot Suit's jazz and Mexican dance numbers were the most theatrical part of the evening.

Zoot suits, however, were a non-denominational fad. What made Valdez think they were Mexican-American, not to mention symbolic of chicano life—even *mythic*? Valdez's play was inspired by a gang of Mexican-American zoot-suiters who were tried and convicted, *en masse*, for a 1942 gang killing (the "Sleepy Lagoon" murder). The peculiar war-time patriotic racism was as responsible for their mistreatment as the bigoted judge and the sensation-mongering newspapers. Also, the Los Angeles "zoot-suit riots" of 1943 were racial, predominantly involving chicanos. So Valdez associated the costume with Mexican-Americans, ignoring the fact that the fad was actually nationwide and interracial.

Valdez built his play from the myth up. *Zoot Suit* revolves around a Greek chorus–like singer named El Pachuco (Spanish for zoot-suiter). This cynical figure is unreal, seen only by the audience and heard by the main character as a conscience.

The main character, Henry Reyna, is a composite of several members of the accused. On the day in 1942 before he is due to enter the navy, Reyna and everyone in his chicano gang are arrested for a murder committed during a street fight. The judge's conduct during this mass trial is so outrageous that Reyna and the others are ultimately freed upon appeal, but not before they have to spend some years in prison. (Though presented as history, the plot is only loosely based on fact.)

In setting this story for the stage, Valdez uses some elements of naturalistic drama: He shows Reyna with his father, with his brother, with his girl friend, and creates a quasi-romance with Alice Bloomfield, who leads the committee of concerned citizens on Reyna's behalf.

These scenes are awkward, as are others in the style of documentary drama that are embarrassingly like the WPA "living newspaper" plays produced in the Depression. Finally, *Zoot Suit* has dance numbers set to the jazz and Mexican music of its era. Although these have nothing to do with the rest of the play, they are the most theatrical part of the evening.

A polyglot? Indeed, and while this show might have had power for the Los Angeles chicano population, it is too obvious and amateurish for Broadway. The trial of Henry Reyna and his gang has no general significance. Even the original brainstorm doesn't work. Valdez tells us the zoot-suiter is a mythic character—in one interview he offered the stimulating suggestion that the production *itself* should become one great zoot suit, but left what he meant by that a mystery.

Indeed, the mythic significance of the zoot suit, if such significance exists, remains a mystery. The suit just seemed a costume, fabulous, but just a costume. For who, after all, were the zoot-suiters? Not just chicanos but post-adolescents across America; faddists conforming to a different drummer. Were they all rebels, individualists? Hardly. Most of them weren't for or against anything. The last thing on their minds was politics, I'm fairly sure of that.

The zoot-suiters were just kids, interested in the jitterbug and the Lindy hop and the boogie woogie, interested in being hep to the jive, and interested, most of all, in zoot suits. If the zoot suit represented anything it was the innocence of men. Humanity should be enough for the myth-seekers.

—Martin Gottfried

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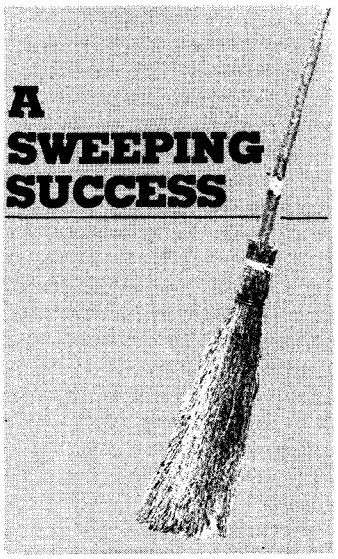
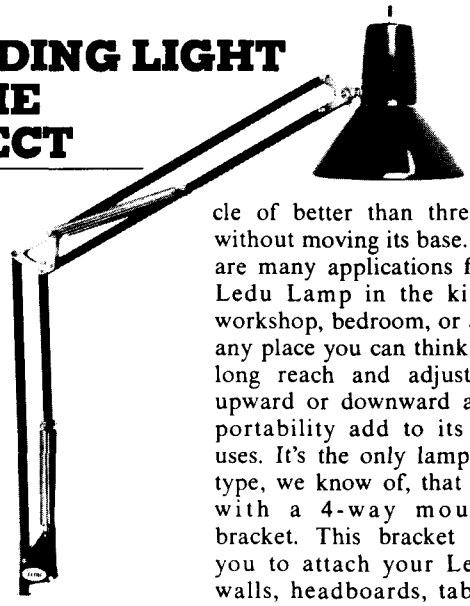
Tools for Living is an attempt to cut through the proliferation of products and bring unusually worthy values to your attention. Our items are not selected by an organized process. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for well-designed items of honest usefulness that do what they say they will do—and at reasonable cost. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it easier to shop that way. Some of these items can be found in local stores. Wherever you buy, we trust you will find the information here helpful. If you want to recommend a product based on your experience with it, write us at the address below.

A SWEEPING SUCCESS



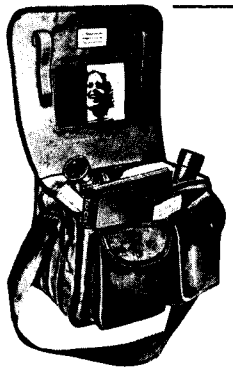
Sometimes the most primitive solutions are demonstrably the best. Here's a case in point. The old European street brooms were made of branches of heather tied onto a stick. These are just about the most rugged, effective, and long-lasting cleaning tools ever invented. We've found a present-day source for these brooms in the Madeira Islands and they still work just as well. We've swept snow, gravel, sand and wet leaves with ours and it is none the worse for wear (a straw broom would have long since disintegrated). These brooms are as handsome and unusual looking as they are practical. Many people display them as hearth brooms. They stand as something technology hasn't been able to improve on. **We can send you one for $10.** (A-30)

SHEDDING LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT



Remember sitting imprisoned in the dentist's chair and watching that long, multi-jointed drill arm contort its way to your mouth? Well, the diabolical English dentist who invented this spring-balanced arm around 1910 may not have known it, but he led the way to the design of one of the better tools for living, that we know of, for household lighting. The Ledu Lamp utilizes a similar spring-balanced arm that allows the lamp to cover a circle of better than three feet without moving its base. There are many applications for the Ledu Lamp in the kitchen, workshop, bedroom, or almost any place you can think of. Its long reach and adjustability upward or downward and its portability add to its many uses. It's the only lamp of its type, we know of, that comes with a 4-way mounting bracket. This bracket allows you to attach your Ledu to walls, headboards, tables or what have you. Mount extra wall brackets wherever you feel like it and move the lamp whenever you feel like it. It can lick any lamp twice its size, cost, and weight and looks exactly like what it is: a superbly designed and finished piece of lighting equipment. The Ledu Lamp comes in red, yellow, blue, chocolate brown, black, or white enamel and is $28.50 postpaid. Additional wall mounts are $3.50 each postpaid. (A-16)

SHOULDER YOUR LOAD



This oversize bag is an overwhelming success with photographers, artists, students, musicians, dancers, opera singers, nuns, poets, duck hunters, cyclists, plumbers, teachers, filmmakers, pilots, architects, doctors, reporters and travelers . . . because it's a veritable labyrinth of roomy pockets that contain and organize an amazing amount of things and looks good on everybody.

Its real name is the Danish Bookbag. *New West Magazine* called it simply "The best device for carrying things ever invented." Made of waterproof canvas that wears like iron, the bookbag has an unusual zipper design that enables the bag to expand to double its normal width—to a full 8 inches—so there's always a place to stuff one more thing. Then when you are sure it's stuffed to capacity, stash a couple more items in the two outer pockets in front, put some copies of *Saturday Review* in the large back pocket—and try not to topple over from the load. Whether you sling it over your shoulder or carry it on your back, the adjustable 2" wide strap makes the burden easier. Specify grey, cinnamon brown, bright blue. $34.50 plus $2.00 shipping. (A-6)

WOODEN PEGS

The Industrial Revolution blessed humankind with all manner of metal and plastic hooks and hangers. But none quite compares to the old-fashioned wooden peg.

Pegs are honest, natural points of temporary rest. They tell the virtues of functional simplicity. Who can exist without them? The Shaker pegs pictured here are sturdy enough for big pots, heavy coats, chairs, oversized bathroom towels, coils of rope or wire. The fluted head not only looks nice, it keeps things from sliding off. The pegs are unfinished hardwood, 3 7/16" long with a ⅝" tenon. Having a quantity of pegs around creates possibilities. A friend mounted 50 pegs on an unused piece of wall that is now a combination storage and display for her knitting yarns creating a mass of color. Kids love the pegs and make dolls and choo-choo trains with them. They also work well as handles. If you have a lot that needs hanging up, we can send 1,000 pegs for $170, but if you don't need that many, we'll send you a bag of 50 for $11.50.

(A-27)

(ADVERTISEMENT)

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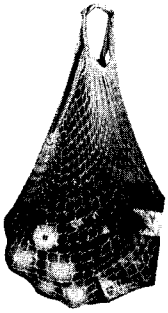
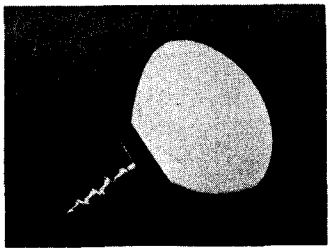
HOLES COME IN HANDY



What is mostly holes but still qualifies as the handiest carrying device around? That's right, the *Filoche*, that simple net bag that Europeans have used for years. Twenty million French shoppers can't be wrong. When you aren't using it, the *Filoche* readily tucks away in a pocket. When need arises, you shake it out and stick in your loaf of bread, half-a-dozen oranges, pound of cheese, several tins of sardines, two bottles of good wine, the morning newspaper, the mail—and still there's room for more. (One hint: if you need to carry items *smaller* than the holes, just spread a scarf or newspaper inside the bag.) The white cotton string netting is sturdy but light. We can send you this lacy bit of French inspiration for $4.50. Or, if you're into macrame or know how to mend fishing nets, you can whip up your own. Either way, you'll discover how well holes hold things. (A-12)

A BETTER CORKSCREW

Two separate motions are required to operate the ordinary corkscrew: turning, to set the screw, and tugging, to extract the cork. The beauty of this "automatic" corkscrew is that it accomplishes both operations with a single motion. The palm-sized molded-plastic grip makes the device as elegant looking as it is easy to use. If you've had trouble



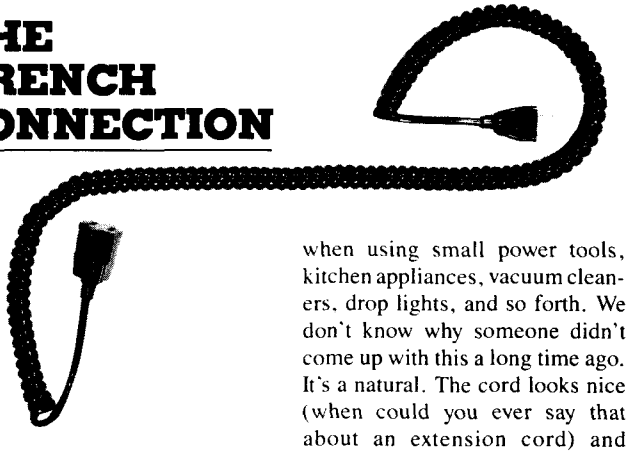
with corks in the past (who hasn't?), you'll welcome this bit of engineering ingenuity. We can send you one for $8. (A-31)

MAGAZINE SANITY

When we spotted this 15x11 inch canvas magazine pocket, we realized how a simple pouch design can add to the convenience of everyday living. Magazines are highly portable objects, so why shouldn't magazine holders be as portable? These sturdy 15oz canvas pockets are easily hung on a wall or door, and will hold several magazines so that magazines will no longer clutter the bedside, a desk, the kitchen, and yes, the bathroom. They are tan on a dark brown background with contrasting red-

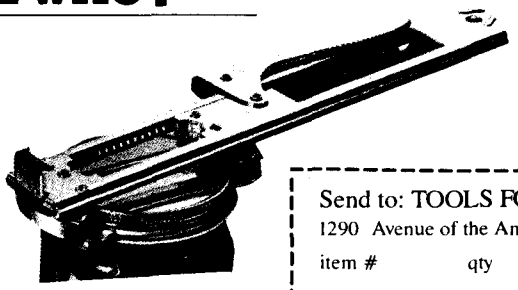
dish brown lettering. Brass ringed hanging holes easily fit over a hook or wall fastener. $7.50 postpaid. (A-1)

THE FRENCH CONNECTION



As you need it, 6 feet of cord stretches into 15 feet. More to the point, it curls back up out of the way as you finish with it. No more tangles or tripping over cords when using small power tools, kitchen appliances, vacuum cleaners, drop lights, and so forth. We don't know why someone didn't come up with this a long time ago. It's a natural. The cord looks nice (when could you ever say that about an extension cord) and comes in washable bright plastic colors: yellow, red, white, blue, black. We can send them to you for $7 each (please specify color). Imported from France. (A-21)

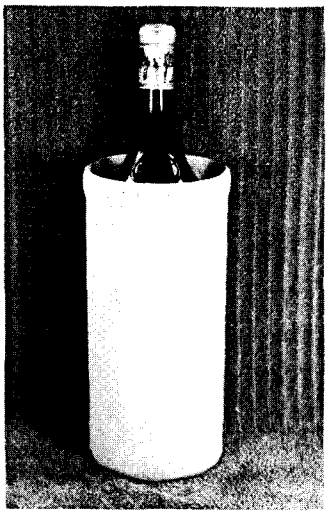
GIL WHO?



Gilhoolie! The very sound of it makes you laugh. But when you discover the Gilhoolie, what it is and what it does and how it works, you don't laugh. You chortle with glee and crow in triumph. Any tight-lidded jar, any bottle, yields to a twist of the wrist the moment the gadget is positioned on it. Farewell to knife-handle tapping and under-breath swearing. It's the best whatchamacallit that you can have around. It's $7.50 postpaid. (A-28)

GETTING TRUE WINE TASTE

Have you ever ruined a picnic because the white wine was too warm to go with the peanut butter sandwiches? Well, it need never happen again, whether on picnic or at table. The Wine Brique is a pleasantly crude natural clay receptacle that keeps a wine bottle at perfect serving temperature. To use it, you fill the Brique with cold water and let it sit 10 minutes. Then you empty the water and place a previously chilled bottle of white wine inside. The wine will stay at ideal serving temperature throughout the meal and longer. Red wine placed in the Brique an hour before the meal will be cooled to true cellar temperature. If you want to experience wine at peak flavor, you need one of these. The earthy look and feel of the clay provides a pleasing aesthetic touch. The Wine Brique is $12 postpaid. (A-24)



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Kids' Stuff

by William Cole

THERE IS MORE interchange among nations in the field of children's books than there is with adult titles. All over the world, children behave in much the same way, share the same interests, and respond to the same stories. Not surprisingly, the books for younger children—the simpler, more heavily illustrated ones—predominate. The commercial base of this cultural back-and-forth is the annual Children's Book Fair, held in the early spring each year in Bologna.

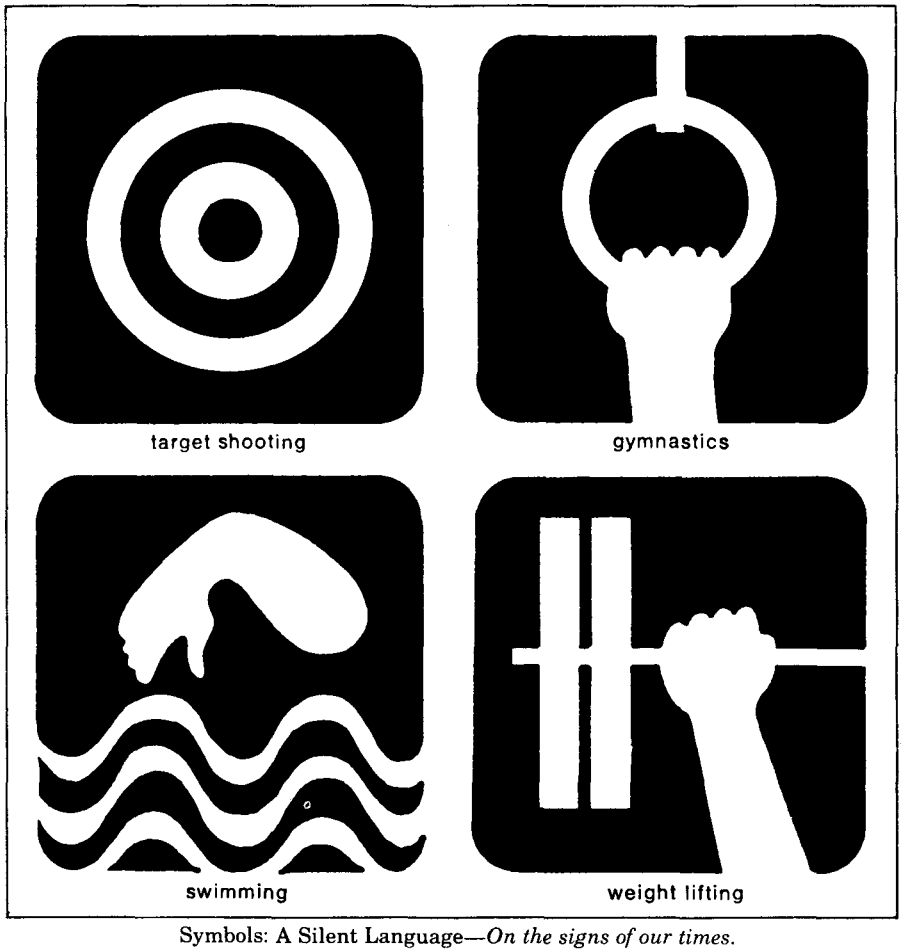
Publishers from all over the world set up booths, and their editors and foreign-rights people rove about the exhibits making deals, lining up books for the coming seasons. The more publishers who go in on a project, the larger the print run and the smaller the unit cost—especially on full-color picture books. Looking through a couple of hundred books from this spring season, I find volumes that originated in England, Japan, Germany, Australia, Canada, Sweden, Brazil, and Italy, all in glorious multicolors, and each probably simultaneously appearing in a half-dozen countries.

For Children Eight to Eleven

Being a teenager is a rough business, but here's a book to lighten the load: **The Teenage Body Book**, by Kathy McCoy and Charles Wibbelsman, M.D. (Wallaby/Pocket Books, paper $5.95). My 11-year-old boy grabbed it and, although he's not much of a reader, was absorbed in it for an hour. Naturally he concentrated on the sex chapters, which are marvelously explicit, with line drawings that may bring you up short. Material on drugs, exercise, self-esteem, beauty. Somewhat along the same lines is **Listen to Us!**, edited by Dorriet Kavanaugh (Workman, paper $5.95), in which the kids themselves speak out—unsupervised by adults—on sex, school, drugs, alcohol, parents. Uninhibited is what these kids are, and also some times very funny.

Old Names and New Places, by Robert I. Alotta (Westminster, $8.95), is

Cross-Country Cat—*Foolish story, but glowing pictures.*



Symbols: A Silent Language—*On the signs of our times.*

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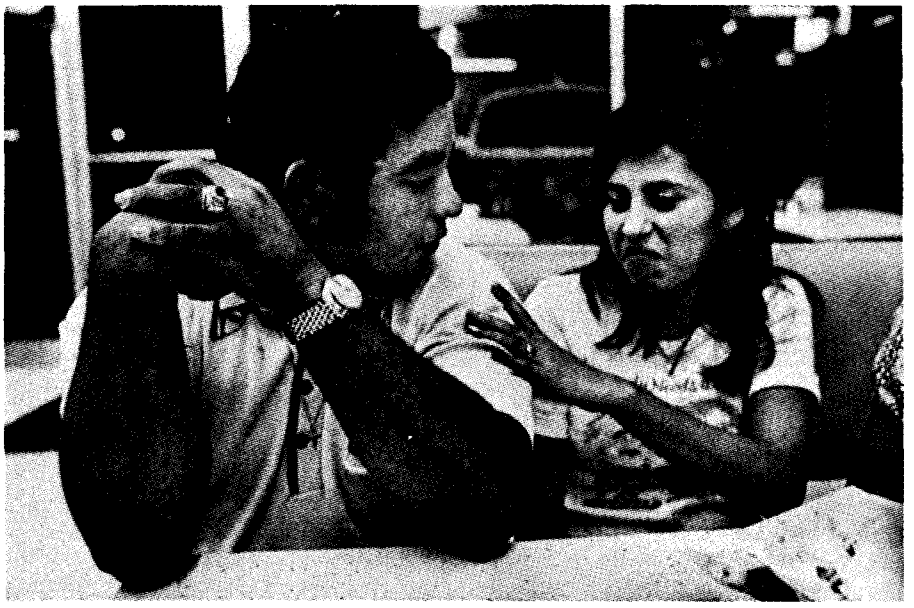
about place names in the United States, and how to trace the origin of your own town's name. Goes into such oddities as Bird in Hand, Pennsylvania; Climax, Colorado; and French Lick, Indiana; and remarks in passing that we're lucky we got Vespucci's first name, not his second. **Magicians Do Amazing Things**, by Robert Kraske, illustrated by Richard Bennett (Random House, $2.95), shows how six famous tricks were performed by noted magicians. Spills the beans on the Indian Basket Trick, Houdini's walking through a brick wall, and Harry Kellar's Floating Princess. Lots of trap doors.

Symbols: A Silent Language, by Jan Adkins (Walker, $7.95), proves that we live in symbol-minded times. Not only road signs, but math symbols, musical notations, and even the referee's hand signals. Did you know that in England a picture of a pineapple indicates "hospitality"? I'm sorry to say that some of our newest symbols are for radiation, biohazards, and the laser.

Inventions and Discoveries, by Brian Williams (Warwick/Watts, $6.90), is a bargain. Handsomely illustrated pictures and text of discoveries from the stone-age toolmakers to spacecraft. The Roman oil lamp, the earliest flush toilet, the Egyptian water clock. **Enchanted World: Pictures to Grow Up With**, by Bryan Holme (Oxford, $9.95), is a good idea. Why not give the kids a book of *real* art that is fun to look at, and that will be something they'll want to hang on to? Uccello, Cranach, Bruegel, Magritte. Fascinating. I'd never seen Eleanor Vere Boyle's illustration for "Beauty and the Beast"—her beast resembles a giant walrus.

New Mazes, by Rolf Myller (Pantheon, paper $2.95), could drive you nuts. There's been a minor maze craze in recent years, and Myller is one of the top maze-makers. Some resemble plates of spaghetti, others architectural blueprints. Solutions for those who get stuck or want to cheat. The young jokester will love **The Trick Book**, by Laurence B. White, Jr. and Ray Broekel, illustrated by Will Winslow (Doubleday, $6.95). How to tear a telephone book in two, old Adam and Eve and Pinch Me, and various tricks ending in minor indignities such as spilled water glasses, treadings on feet, raps on head. Verbal ones like "Would you like to buy a Smatter?" (guess?) and a card that has "Turn this paper over please" printed on each side.

In **Wonders of Donkeys**, by Sigmund A. Lavine and Vincent Scuro (Dodd, Mead, $5.95), you'll discover that a "jackass" is a male donkey (unless it's a man); a "jennet" is a female. Donkeys and burros are the same. Herds of wild donkeys still roam free in our Western deserts. All very informative, with



In This Proud Land—*Sweet and sour rewards in sugar-beet land.*

charming photographs of the critters. **In This Proud Land**, by Bernard Wolf (Lippincott, $8.95), is a photo-textbook about a Mexican-American family that moves from Texas to Minnesota to participate in the sugar-beet harvest. A rough life, but the shared warmth among the parents, six daughters, and a son is quite moving.

Kingdom of Wolves—*Their dos and don'ts.*

In **The Kingdom of Wolves**, by Scott Barry (Putnam's, $8.95), we're told again that they don't attack humans, that they don't howl at the moon, that they have happy home lives, and that they're altogether likable creatures. Handsome, too, as you can see from the author's close-up photographs. Another maligned creature turns up in **Seven True Bear Stories**, by Laura Geringer, illustrated by Carol Maisto (Hastings House, $5.95). There's the woodsman who personally reared three orphan cubs, and there's the bear who hummed along with her owner, and the home-reared one who turned vicious. Sweetly written and nicely illustrated.

Fun Phantoms: Tales of Ghostly Entertainment, selected by Seon Manley & Gogo Lewis (Lothrop, $7.95), gives you just that: giggly ghosts from such writers as Jerome K. Jerome, James Thurber, Gelett Burgess. Includes Oscar Wilde's quite wonderful "The Canterville Ghost."

I'm not so sure a book of tales from China should be entitled **Sweet and Sour**, but that's what Carol Kendall and Yao-wen Li call their book (Seabury, $7.95). The stories are skillfully told; short, mostly about peasants (who seemed to do a great deal of drinking in the old days).

Phantom Ice Cream Man—*Grand nonsense.*

Two good books of poetry from pros: X. J. Kennedy's **The Phantom Ice Cream Man** (Atheneum, $6.95),

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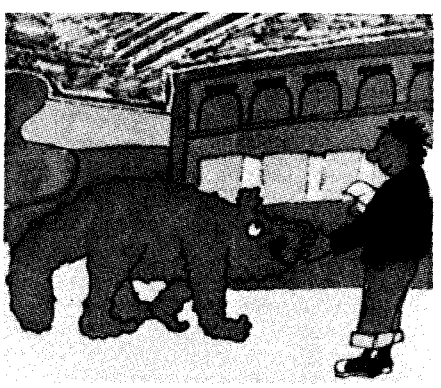
mostly nonsense, but *grand* nonsense; and Valerie Worth's **Still More Small Poems** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95), masterful verses, mostly about nature. The 1949 edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's **Treasure Island** has just been reissued (Schocken Books, $4.95 paper). Complete with the grotesque, even frightening illustrations of Mervyn Peake, they're strong enough to make you want to read the book again.

For Children Three to Eight

Mitsumasa Anno, whose great *Anno's Journey* was published last year, is offering my favorite of this season's harvest. Beautifully drawn and colored, with rich brown predominating, **The King's Flower** (Collins, $7.95) tells of the king who wants the biggest of everything, but in the end settles for a perfect, normal-sized red tulip. Handsome. My other favorite is **The Vanishment of Thomas Tull**, by Janet and Allan Ahlberg (Scribner's, $6.95), a silly story with black-and-white drawings about an incredible shrinking boy. He's taken to an African medicine man, who says, "Shucks, you is truly all shrunk up, ain't you?" Doesn't sound authentic to me, but it is still a funny, funny tale.

"Funny" is the key word with most of this season's picture books. Take **Tell Me, Grandma Tell Me, Grandpa**, by Shirlee P. Newman, illustrated by Joan Drescher (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95). Mother and father are depicted doing kids' things—Mom sucking her thumb waiting at a bus stop, or dashing naked into the ocean on vacation. Shocking! In **Tooley! Tooley!** (Greenwillow, $6.95), cartoonist Frank Modell spins a spirited tale of a lost dog, a reward, and two enterprising boys. You'll smile.



Pickle Creature—*On dangerous shopping.*

Pickles are in this season. In **Pickle Creature**, by Daniel M. Pinkwater (Four Winds, $7.95), Conrad is sent to the store (the Shop Good supermarket) to buy a pickle, and instead is followed home by a large, green *something* who becomes a doglike pet. In **Chamelion Was a Spy**, by Diane Redfield Massie (Crowell, $6.95), the changeable hero sneaks into a pickle factory to steal a secret formula. And gets in a pickle.

Haddock McCraddock—*The six-toed spoon player.*

Frederick's Alligator, by Esther Allen Peterson, illustrated by Susanna Natti (Crown, $6.95), is a cry-wolf story about a boy who claims to have a lion in his closet. He *does* secretly have a pet alligator—a baby. Drawings will make you laugh. You'll also laugh at **Harry the Hider**, by Carol Nicklaus (Watts, $3.95). Cat Harry doesn't want to be in the pet show, and most cleverly hides. The hero of **Haddock McCraddock**, by Wendy Smith (Doubleday, $5.95), is a penniless spoon player who has six toes on his left foot. After numerous delightful adventures he inherits an estate on which he founds the Haddock Academy of Spoon Playing and lives "noisily ever after."

In **Mr. Jameson & Mr. Phillips**, by Marjorie Weinman Sharmat (Harper & Row, $7.95), two eccentrics who want to be alone take over and inhabit either end of a deserted island. Sure enough, they let someone else on, and he invites his friends, and so on. The couple end up living on a boat. Peace and quiet at last.

Two beautifully illustrated items: **Cross-Country Cat**, by Mary Calhoun, illustrated by Erick Ingraham (Morrow, $6.95), a dumb story about a cat who travels on skis, but the pictures glow with the blue cold of winter; and **The Seven Ravens**, by Donna Diamond (Viking, $6.95), a Grimm tale, grim indeed when our heroine cuts off her little finger and uses it as a key. I've marveled many times over the mysterious black-and-white pictures.

Up-and-coming anthologist Daisy Wallace gives us **Ghost Poems** (Holiday House, $5.95). Just that, by poets like Jack Prelutsky, Harry Behn, and Steven Kroll. Delightfully illustrated by the ubiquitous Tomie de Paola.

How a family handles a **Blackout**, by Anne and Harlow Rockwell (Macmillan, $6.95), would have been more timely two years ago, but will be good preparation for the next time. **Fly Hoops, Fly!** by Yutaka Sugita (Barron's, $3.95), is an ingenious Japanese import for the very young. Rich color, showing the various objects hoops can encircle, such as a camel's humps. More gorgeous color in **The Day the Rooster Didn't Crow**, by Max Kruse, illustrated by Amrei Fechner (Methuen, $7.95), a story in which the sun doesn't rise one day in Greece because the rooster didn't crow it up.

The Day the Rooster Didn't Crow—*And the sun didn't rise and didn't shine.*

For very little ones, **Where Does Teacher Live?** by Paula Kurzband Feder, illustrated by Lillian Hoban (Dutton, $5.95). Tiny detectives in Class 2-3 try to figure where Mrs. Greengrass lives. She takes a bus, a taxi, and rides with a friend. Where she *does* live is a real surprise! And why not a book on the origin of gefilte fish? **The Secret of the Sabbath Fish**, by Ben Aronin, illustrated by Shay Rieger (Jewish Publication Society, $5.95), shows and tells how Tante Mashe invented that delicious dish. ◉

William Cole's latest anthology of poetry for children is Dinosaurs and Beasts of Yore *(Collins).*

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Pressed America

The Powers That Be
by David Halberstam
Knopf, 735 pp., $15

Reviewed by Jeff Greenfield

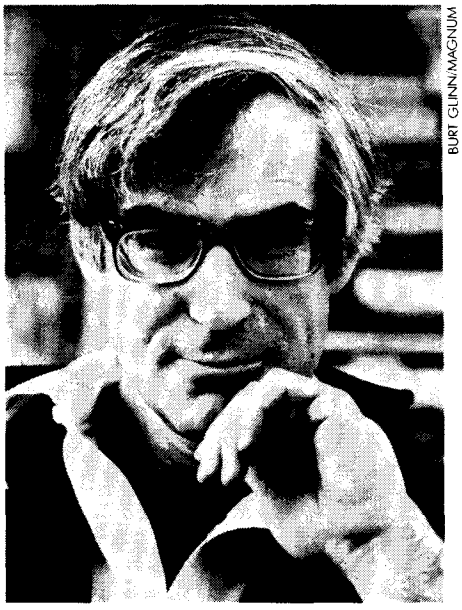
IT IS A FAMILIAR, if not fully documented, part of British parliamentary history that the 18th-century statesman Edmund Burke once gestured to the Reporters' Gallery and said, "Yonder sits the fourth estate, more important than them all."

It has also become a fundamental premise of modern American commentary that the press in our time is an institution more powerful and more perplexing than could have been imagined a century ago. From the invention of the telegraph, to the development of the high-speed press and rail systems that made the printing and distribution of mass magazines possible, to the explosive growth of radio and television, the sources of information have steadily grown richer, more sophisticated, and more central to the way Americans think about their leaders, their country, and themselves.

To tell the story of the rise to power of the American press is to tell many stories: For this account must at the same time explain the impact of personalities, the nexus between wealth and power, the effect of ideology on information, and the way in which the centers of political and journalistic power threaten, influence, and shape one another.

It has taken David Halberstam—Pulitzer Prize–winner, former *New York Times* reporter, and author of *The Best and the Brightest*—seven years to put together this story. In a thousand interviews and more than seven hundred pages, Halberstam has sought to paint a picture of the role of American communications by focusing on four powerful press institutions: CBS, the *Washington Post*, Time Inc., and the *Los Angeles Times*.

It was worth the effort. *The Powers That Be* is at once a compelling account of human achievement and failure and a brilliant series of insights into the way these powerful corporate institutions helped shape the political terrain of postwar America. Quarrel with its findings; dissent from its frame of reference; whatever your notions about American politics and society, I defy a reader to begin this book without falling under its spell. With its blend of the concrete, personal details of strong-willed men and women building wealthy corporations, and of the impact of these corporations on recent American history, it makes the typical rips-the-lid-off-the-bedrooms-and-boardrooms novel read like a directory. It is also an indispensable guide to an understanding of the way we inform and govern ourselves.



BURT GLINN/MAGNUM

Halberstam, painter of four Powers.

Halberstam tells the story of these media giants—with an occasional reference to the *New York Times*—by cross-cutting their histories, reaching back to the Founding Fathers of one network and three press empires, moving through World War II, the Cold War, the administrations of Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon, through Vietnam and Watergate. Remarkably, each story he recounts has similar elements.

There is the Power: William Paley at CBS, Henry Luce at *Time*, the Otis and Chandler families at the *Los Angeles Times*, Phil Graham at the *Washington Post*. There is the Victim: in each institution, a once mighty figure who is left behind as the institution changes. At CBS, it was the legendary Edward R. Murrow, under whose leadership the network first gained credibility through its news operation, and who was ultimately knocked from his perch by the relentless push of the network for ever-higher profits. At the *Post*, it was Graham himself: Once regarded as a young man destined for national leadership, he married the daughter of *Post* owner Eugene Meyer and inherited the paper, but fell into a sense of self-doubt that would finally prove lethal. At *Time*, it was Theodore White, Luce's favorite reporter, whose loss of faith in China's Chiang Kai-shek could not be tolerated in Luce's vision of a Christian China following the United States into the American century. At the *Los Angeles Times*, it was—surprisingly—Richard Nixon, who entered politics when the *Times* was an acknowledged arm of the California Republican Party and could not cope with the *Times*'s struggle for journalistic objectivity.

Throughout these stories are fascinating, revealing details—some familiar, many told here for the first time. For ex-

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ample, Halberstam provides a rationale for Richard Nixon's poisonous press relations that I have never seen before. All through the postwar years, Kyle Palmer, the *Times*'s political writer, was in effect the boss of the Republican Party of California, counseling candidates while designing the nakedly partisan coverage. Nixon was elected to Congress in 1946 with support from the *Times* of an astonishing kind; opponent Jerry Voorhis was ignored except when he was slandered. And in 1958, the *Times* virtually ordered Governor Goodwin Knight to step down and seek a Senate seat to help Nixon for his 1960 presidential run.

Halberstam writes that as a result:

> The paper gave Nixon enormous leverage and clout at home, but it was not by any means the healthiest of relationships; it spared Nixon from the normal give-and-take of politics and journalism, it bred in this most fragile of egos a sense that he could attack others without being attacked in return; it allowed him to rise to higher and higher levels of politics without ever testing his ability to take the normal strain and criticism of politics. It made him think that no one would dare attack him—for few in California did—and it made him believe that his lesser moments, if known to journalists, would not be printed, and that finally, if journalists did write normal, balanced, tough-minded analytical stories, they were virtually personal attacks.

Another case: In recounting the devastating mental illness of Phil Graham, which led to his suicide in 1963, Halberstam discusses Graham's open affair with a young *Newsweek* staffer and the effect of that affair on Washington:

> It was clear in the last year that he seriously intended to take control of the paper and [*Newsweek*] magazine and marry Robin [which] sent Washington, a small gossipy town at its journalistic-political heart, into a kind of hysteria. A struggle between Kay and Phil was not just a divorce but a struggle for power, comparable to a sitting President on the eve of an election jettisoning one Vice-President to choose another for his second term.

In detailing the special relationship between Murrow and Paley, and the wedge it drove between Murrow and longtime CBS power Frank Stanton, Halberstam describes Paley's marriage to Babe Cushing:

> No friends would be invited, it would be very small. Which Stanton accepted, and did not mind until a few days after the wedding, when Paley dropped off the film to be developed at CBS, and Stanton had the rolls developed and looked at them, and yes, there were Bill and Babe and there were Jock and Betty and there was ... *Edward R. Murrow.*

Beyond the personal, and ultimately more important, is the story of what America was told about itself—about the Cold War, about McCarthyism, about the war in Vietnam, and about the burgeoning Watergate scandal. Halberstam's view is as unyielding as his style, and when he believes that these institutions and the people who run them failed, he does not hesitate to say so. He is, it is clear, unconvinced that CBS founder Paley was really a staunch ally of Murrow in his struggle with McCarthy; he believes that *Time* fundamentally misled America about China; he believes the *Washington Post* was always a shade too close to the Washington power structure.

But he also makes clear, I think, his admiration for the struggles of Norman and his son Otis Chandler—with the implicit support of Norman's wife, Buff—to free themselves of the domination of the reactionary California Republican establishment. He clearly sees CBS as the best of the network news operations, admires the *Washington Post* for its Watergate

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Paley—Who put profits, not quality, first.

Graham—Who inherited the Washington Post*'s power, but then fell victim to it.*

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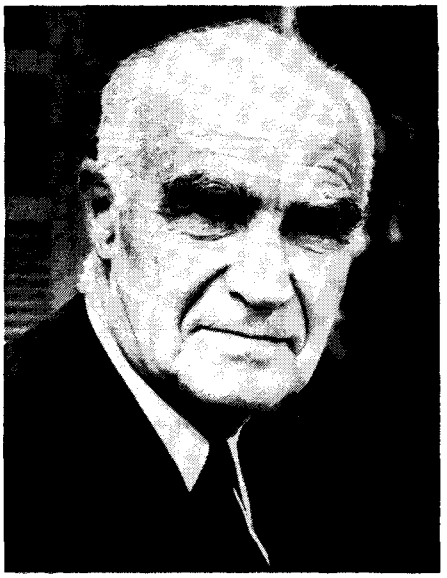

Luce—Whose Time *expressed only his view.*

Otis Chandler—Who's tried to make an honest paper of the L.A. Times.

coverage, praises *Time* for finally breaking with the official line on Vietnam—a line that founder Henry Luce could not have abandoned.

And there is a broad portrait of the changing flow of political power. Where once men such as Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson could compete with presidents, information flow sped everything up, made centralized information and decision-making—and therefore, federal and presidential powers—far more potent than local party officials and congressional fiefdoms. Television was responsible for party primaries and personality politics becoming stronger than the national convention system.

And finally, Halberstam shows how various financial pressures have come to dominate the press itself. At CBS, it was the frantic drive for ratings that pushed public affairs out of prime time; at the press giants, it was the Wall Street imperative that, for instance, turned Time into a forest-products company with a

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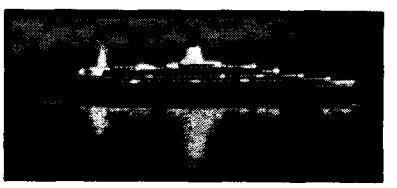

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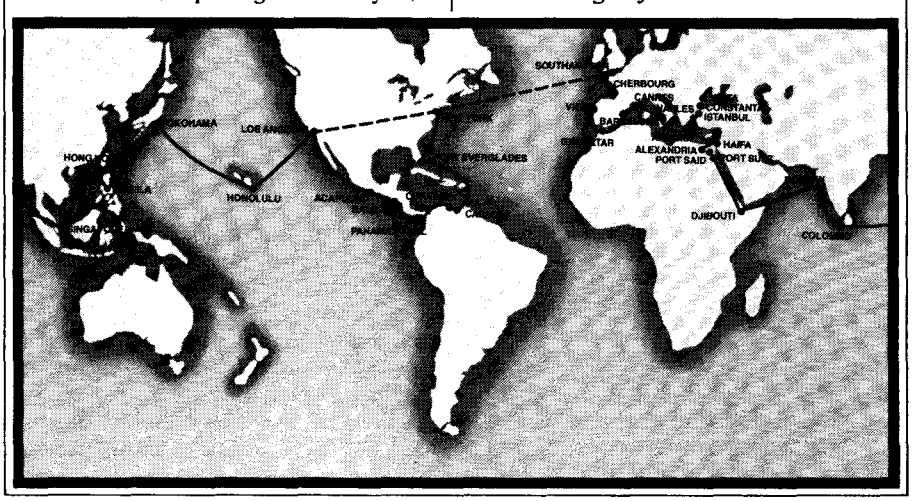

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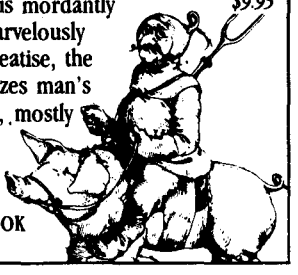

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relatively small journalistic appendage.

Shortcomings? The sections are not equally strong. The material about Luce and *Time* has been told before, most recently by Theodore White in *In Search of History*; it is less compelling than the other stories. In addition, Halberstam does not focus on a more recent development in the relationship between politics and the press: the degree to which press coverage may have rendered political leaders impotent to change basic policies. (In fairness, this account of how the press sets public agendas independent of political leaders is worth a separate book.)

Most troublesome is the fact that Halberstam, almost certainly deliberately, presents the framework of the economic pressures on the press without providing a broad analysis of that framework. Specifically: The press in America exists as a private, profit-making institution that also must inform the public about major decisions. Given the First Amendment, what is one to do about the prejudices of a Luce, the huge power of the Chandlers, the fact that government-licensed television stations are both conduits of news and hugely profitable institutions? Is there a better guarantee of better, fairer press coverage than honorable men and women?

To take issue with *The Powers That Be*, however, is a pleasure precisely because it is such a successful work. It is history, politics, gossip, economics, and jeremiad. It is a book you will read not because you are supposed to, but because it is passionate journalism of the highest order. ◉

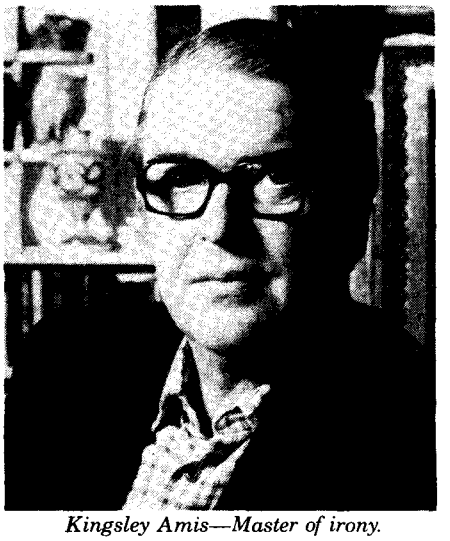
Jeff Greenfield is a journalist, author, and television critic for CBS.

Books in Brief

Jake's Thing
by Kingsley Amis
Viking Press, 276 pp., $9.95

KINGSLEY AMIS, a master of irony in fiction and verse, has now written a witty novel about impotence. Amis's anti-hero, Jake Richardson, a "silly old Oxford don" is bored with life in general and sex in particular. Jake's failure in bed is not a technical malfunction: Nearing 60, he performs "not with any distinction, but adequately." His problem is that he would rather watch *Thunderball* on TV than make love. Even the "post-coital cup of tea," once the high point of his marriage ("It satisfied Jake's need at this stage to be up and doing instead of going on lying about; its making and fetching gave Brenda the chance for a short nap"), has lost its charm.

Jake's failure to be sexually enlivened by "nocturnal mensurators," "non-genital sensate focusing," and group workshops provides a context for some wonderfully malicious attacks on trendy sex therapies and related jargon-ridden ideologies. When Brenda, a convert to sexual "self-awareness," asks Jake what is wrong with the "Workshop," he answers, "*Wrong* with it? If there's one word that sums up everything that's gone wrong since the war, it's 'Workshop.' " Jake's conservatism has a nice complexity, however. In some ways he is a repellent misogynist; in others he's an eloquent reactionary.



Kingsley Amis—Master of irony.

Like everything in his modern life, Jake's marriage is a bore and so, at the end of *Jake's Thing*, is his separation. When he, his wife, his wife's new lover, and the lover's wife are endlessly discussing who gets what property, the week passes "in a flurry of tedium....What held things up was everyone being decent; a touch of rapacity here or stinginess there would have worked wonders." A superb comic writer, Amis manages to write about ennui with considerable vitality.

—JACK SULLIVAN

Mulligan Stew
by Gilbert Sorrentino
Grove Press, 445 pp., $7.95

GILBERT SORRENTINO has openly borrowed a proposal first advanced by Flann O'Brien, the eccentric Irish novelist, that fiction should be cast like repertory theater, from a group of reusable characters who would between roles "be allowed a private life, self-determination, and a decent standard of living." Accordingly, he has peopled *Mulligan Stew* with players from the works of James Joyce, Dashiell Hammett, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and O'Brien himself.

The result is apparently intended to be an American equivalent of O'Brien's madcap Irish masterpiece *At Swim-Two-Birds*, complete with mangled quotation marks, great chunks of parody, and catechetical style. So *Mulligan Stew* includes parodies of Western adventure, detective fiction, and hard-core pornography, along

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with an entire volume of erotic verse, "The Sweat of Love" by "Lorna Flambeaux," and a mock-mathematical treatise called "Recent Studies in Contravariant Behavior Processes in Complex Resolutions."

Sorrentino cannot match O'Brien's verbal flair and sense of economy; what he does have, however, is a painfully clear vision of the petty paranoia and jealousy that go with a literary career as surely as black lung goes with life in the mines. The book's central character, the prideful, suspicious "avant-garde" novelist Anthony Lamont, is completely pathetic; his gradual disintegration, shown through journals, letters, and his own horrid fiction, is almost too accurate to be funny.

But other parts of the book—most notably a tender exchange of love letters that is inexplicably hijacked by a team of mail-order Mexican pornographers—made me laugh out loud. *Mulligan Stew* does not exactly shout for a wide audience; but among those who know the literary life, I suspect, it will be read, savored, and recommended.

—GARRETT EPPS

The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt
by Edmund Morris
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan
886 pp., $15.95

PORTRAITS OF THE WHIRLWIND as a Young Man. Torturing his asthmatic frame into robustness. Nearsightedly stalking a grizzly bear. Dashing off a book chapter before lunch. Piping shrilly for reform in Albany. Charging up San Juan Hill...into New York's governorship...the vice-presidency...and, finally, the White House. Theodore Roosevelt, described by Henry Adams as "pure act," played many roles in his first 42 years, and journalist Edmund Morris captures each one with affection, wry humor, and admirable clarity.

Unfortunately, while quirks, tics, and obsessions may outline a character, they do not explain it. Nor is setting, however vividly evoked, the same as historical context. Despite a superb eye for detail, Morris lacks both a sense of society and theory of personality. From genteel Oyster Bay to the jungles of Cuba, Roosevelt lived resolutely on the surface, coping with tragedy by trying to will it from his consciousness, ripping pages from his diary to help himself forget. By failing to heed muffled notes of doubt, fear, and despair (a failure common to many who write about the Victorians), Morris lets a master self-publicist reach beyond the grave to dictate the terms of his own biography.

It is tribute both to Roosevelt's power of self-dramatization and to Morris's considerable skills as a writer that this one-dimensional portrait consistently sustains interest for over 700 pages. The

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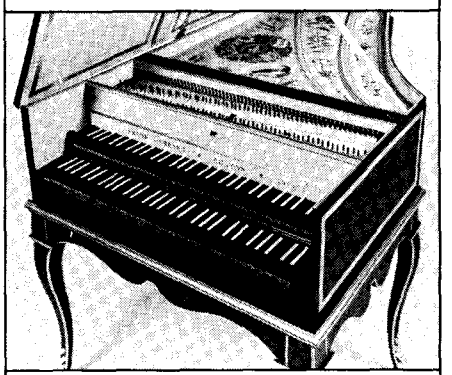

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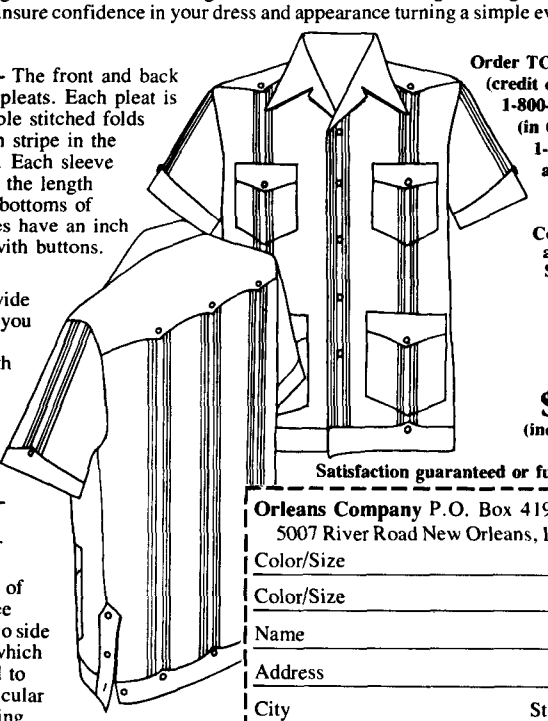

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J9AM

man who tried to be "the bride at every wedding, and the corpse at every funeral" still fascinates. The reader, in spite of himself, is likely to echo him: "Delighted!"

—LUTHER SPOEHR

Surviving: And Other Essays
by Bruno Bettelheim
Knopf, 448 pp., $15

A SURVIVOR OF Dachau and Buchenwald and a professional healer of broken souls—especially those of children—Bruno Bettelheim has long mined the experience of the concentration camps and his own fortunate fate for clues to the psyche's troubles and their cure. The camps, he says, cast people into an "extreme situation" that systematically assailed the strength and coherence of their personalities. Many prisoners succumbed to the assault, losing all internal resources for endurance. To withstand the camps required (besides luck) emotional discipline and the will to achieve a "psychic integration" beyond the trauma of helplessness and the guilt of having lived while others died. These demands of survival gave Bettelheim his model of mental health: self-mastery and wholeness, or autonomy.

This familiar Freudian idea Bettelheim has made the heart of a career spanning nearly four decades as a psychoanalytic practitioner and theorist and as a cultural critic. Whatever his subjects—and they are numerous—Bettelheim seeks threats to autonomy and ways of withstanding them, as the essays collected here prove. Several of these essays dwell on the supreme menace to "survivorship"—the disintegration of personality—in the camps. But others fault the massive scale and impersonality of public institutions and buildings for inducing feelings of powerlessness and alienation; emotional distances between people for impairing self-confidence; lax parents and teachers for nurturing psychological indiscipline and weakness; books and films (most notably, Lina Wertmuller's *Seven Beauties*) for soothing our unease by giving us pleasing distortions in the face of disquieting realities; and heartless conditions and people for driving wounded psyches into schizophrenic and sometimes autistic withdrawal.

Bettelheim sees the path to survival and autonomy fraught with perils in modern life; but he also believes that an unimperiled path leads away from, not toward, the goal. And here is the secret of Bettelheim's mind and public appeal. A good old-fashioned Freudian, earnest Jewish intellectual, and humanist sage, he never ceases teaching the uses of suffering, the virtues of moral courage, and the truths of the heart.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

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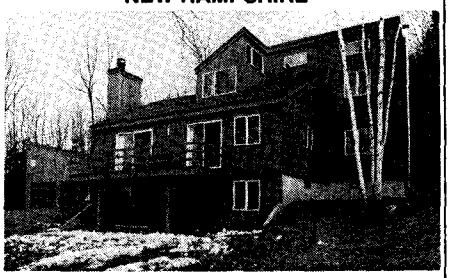

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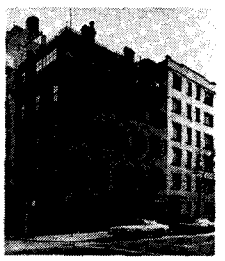

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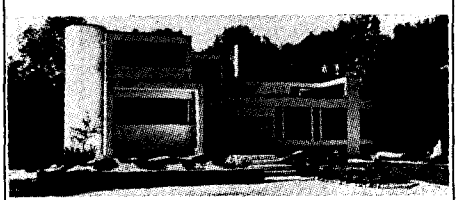

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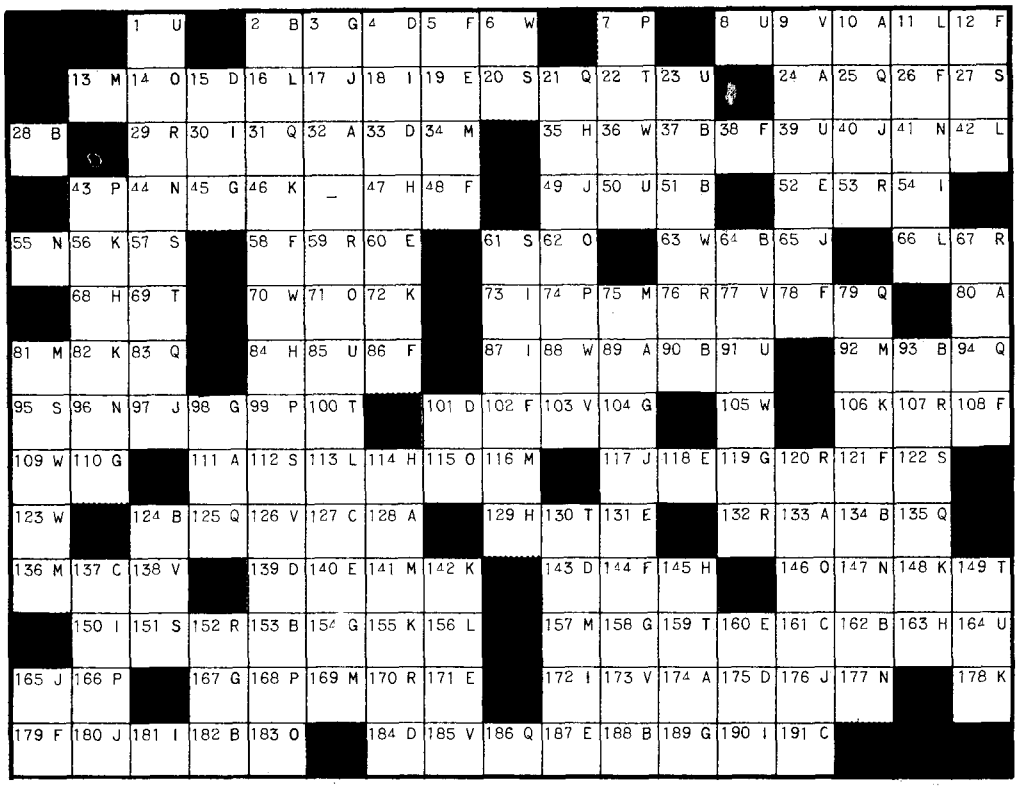
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 172

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 171 appears on page 5.



CLUES	WORDS
A. Instrument in many a skiffle group	80 89 111 133 174 10 24 32 128
B. Like mad; very much (4 wds.)	134 153 182 2 37 51 64 90 162 28 / 124 188 93
C. German physicist, 1914 Nobel Prize winner	127 137 161 191
D. Deception; humbug	101 139 33 184 143 175 4 15
E. Corny, back-number (comp.)	118 140 160 171 131 187 19 52 60
F. Unsuitable	108 121 144 12 48 102 26 179 5 38 / 58 78 86
G. Caprifoliaceous shrub of North America having yellowish-white flowers	98 119 167 45 104 154 189 110 158 3
H. Remains alive	35 47 68 84 114 129 145 163
I. Sanctifying	190 18 30 150 73 87 181 54 172
J. Strong wind that blows in September and October on the Malabar Coast of India	176 17 40 180 49 97 165 65 117
K. Treasury, as of a state or nation	142 72 148 56 82 106 178 46 155
L. Fracas, ruckus	156 11 42 66 113 16
M. "___ of Rheims": one of Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends" (2 wds.)	116 81 92 75 169 13 141 157 34 136
N. American painter and etcher (1859-1935; "Broad and Wall Streets")	96 147 177 55 44 41
O. Takes pleasure in	71 115 146 14 183 62
P. Skip about, frolic	166 7 43 74 99 168
Q. Domination of one's thoughts by a persistent desire	31 25 79 94 135 186 21 125 83
R. Shocking; appalling	152 107 132 170 53 29 76 67 120 59
S. French naval officer (1610-88), bombarded Algiers and Genoa	122 27 112 61 57 95 20 151
T. Rouses; stirs up	100 130 149 69 22 159
U. South American revolutionary and ruler (1817-23) of Chile	50 85 1 23 8 164 39 91
V. Harsh, strident	9 173 126 77 103 185 138
W. Remoteness	6 123 70 36 105 63 109 88

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Accident-Prone

Reduce your wants and supply your needs. Our needs make us vulnerable enough. Why increase our vulnerability?
Gandhi (1946)

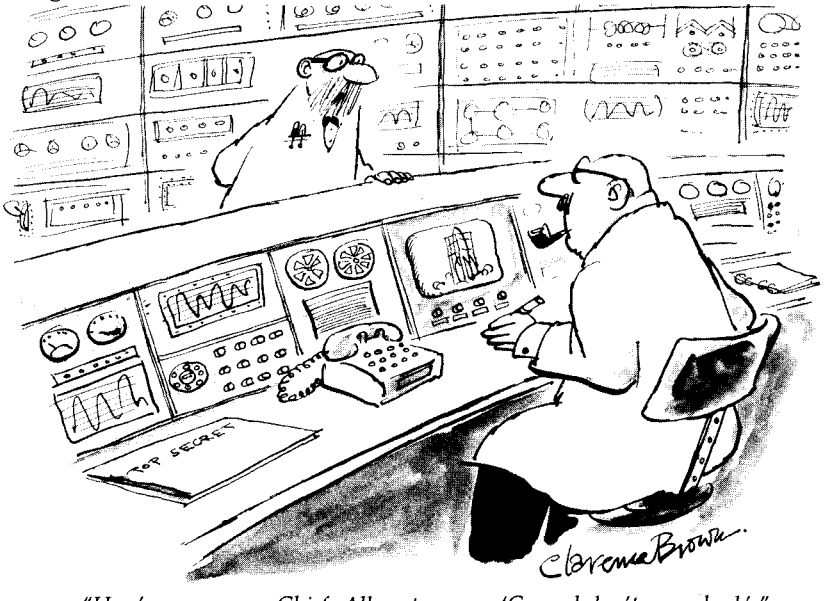
QUITE BY ACCIDENT, I finished reading in the same Sunday afternoon an extensive account of the mishap at Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island nuclear power plant and Thomas Hardy's durable novel, *The Return of the Native*.

Eustacia Vye, one will recall, was a yearning, bold, intelligent, beautiful heroine who, because of her inability to deny her desires, was done in by accident or, more precisely, by a wholly implausible string of accidents. Dauntlessly, Hardy piles coincidence upon coincidence upon coincidence, never failing to remind us that the nonoccurrence of any one of them might have saved the doomed lady. Even Eustacia's death and that of her quondam lover, Wildeve, are the result of her stumbling into a storm-swollen weir, despite her familiarity with the rugged, immemorial heath.

Hardy's purpose, however, is not like that of a two-bit perpetrator of "thrillers," simply to keep his reader hanging. The unabashed abundance of unexpected meetings, overheard conversations, convenient delays, etc., removes any suspicion that Hardy was attempting to plausibly mirror life. Rather, Hardy was playing the preacher, dressing his sermon in fictive clothes. His lesson, relentlessly reiterated, is that character is destiny, that unhappy accidents happen to those whose characters encourage or allow them. Despite the proliferation of coincidence in Hardy's tale, one never comes away feeling that any player was unlucky: Each got what he or she deserved.

A few months before the Three Mile Island mishap, the chances of such an accident occurring were rated by some reputable experts as "once-in-a-million years," or, effectively, nil. True, some experts may have overemphasized the safety of nuclear reactors and dismissed critics' caveats too readily and scornfully for political or commercial reasons. Nonetheless, there were not-evil and not-stupid persons who *believed* that the nuclear option would usher in the energy millennium, free us from OPEC dependence, and eliminate or alleviate other risks and costs attendant on alternate sources of energy; and that the anti-nuke faction was fueled by either zealotry, sentimentality, anti-establishmentarianism, headline-hunger, bandwagonism, or plain cussedness.

And the accident happened, an accident not unlike the New York power blackouts of 1965 and 1977, which also, according to experts, could not have happened, and not unlike other accidents, now deemed "impossible," that will happen in the future. And eventually, even to the most diehard defenders of growth-through-know-how, it will become clear that we as a nation have become accident-prone, that for all our ingenuity we are in danger of being obliterated by the technology we have fostered to supply our energy needs.



"Here's a new one, Chief. All systems are 'Go and don't come back'."

Character is destiny. Like Eustacia Vye, America has become accident-prone because we cannot say no to our desires. We cannot say no to new gadgetry, however foolish (or fuelish). We cannot say no to three television sets, or refrigerators, or automobiles, or to 100-story skyscrapers, or to our tempting thermostat, or to SSTs or supertankers, or to expansion in any direction. We will not willingly forfeit anything—any right, any tax break, even two years of our early adult lives—for the benefit of all. Reading the Stoics, Montaigne, or our own history, one is amazed to discover how far we have devolved into a people incapable of withstanding pain, disappointment, or any sort of privation. Not unlike Eustacia Vye, we risk losing all by demanding all.

This is easy enough to say. But what is obvious in the pulpit becomes problematic in the rectory. Who's to deny himself first? Not many of us have a taste for the role of Gandhi. A romantic few have beaten a rural retreat, to subsist by their own brow's sweat and thus lessen their dependence on forces beyond their control. Others ride bicycles, burn wood, recycle cans. Some say that such individual initiatives can do little to save our resources. Others say that individual efforts to conserve energy are all that is possible, that the System itself is intractable.

There are no comfortable answers; there may not even be tolerable answers. But one thing is certain. "Accidents" (if one must persist in using that term) such as those suffered by Eustacia Vye and the neighbors of Three Mile Island, and those that we all may suffer in the future, demand that we look beyond their immediate causes. Whatever the culpability of the power-providers, the deeper culpability lies with those who demand that power. Regardless of what punitive or precautionary measures result from the Three Mile Island mishap, we will never prevent such accidents until we deny our gluttonous character, say no to our energy appetites. The less we depend on technology, the less hold it will have on us, and the less we need fear its unforeseeable and, therefore, inevitable failings.

—Carll Tucker

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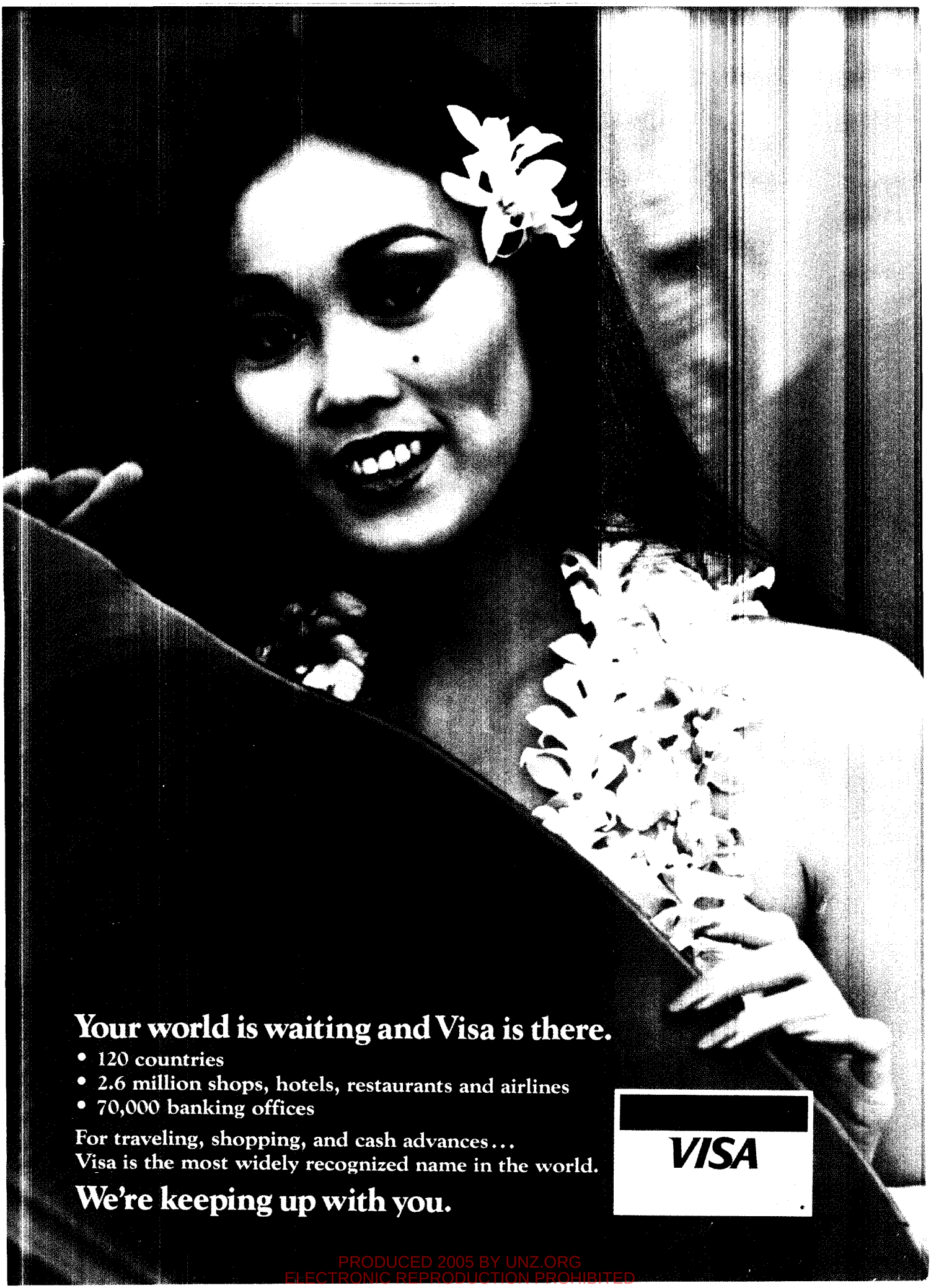
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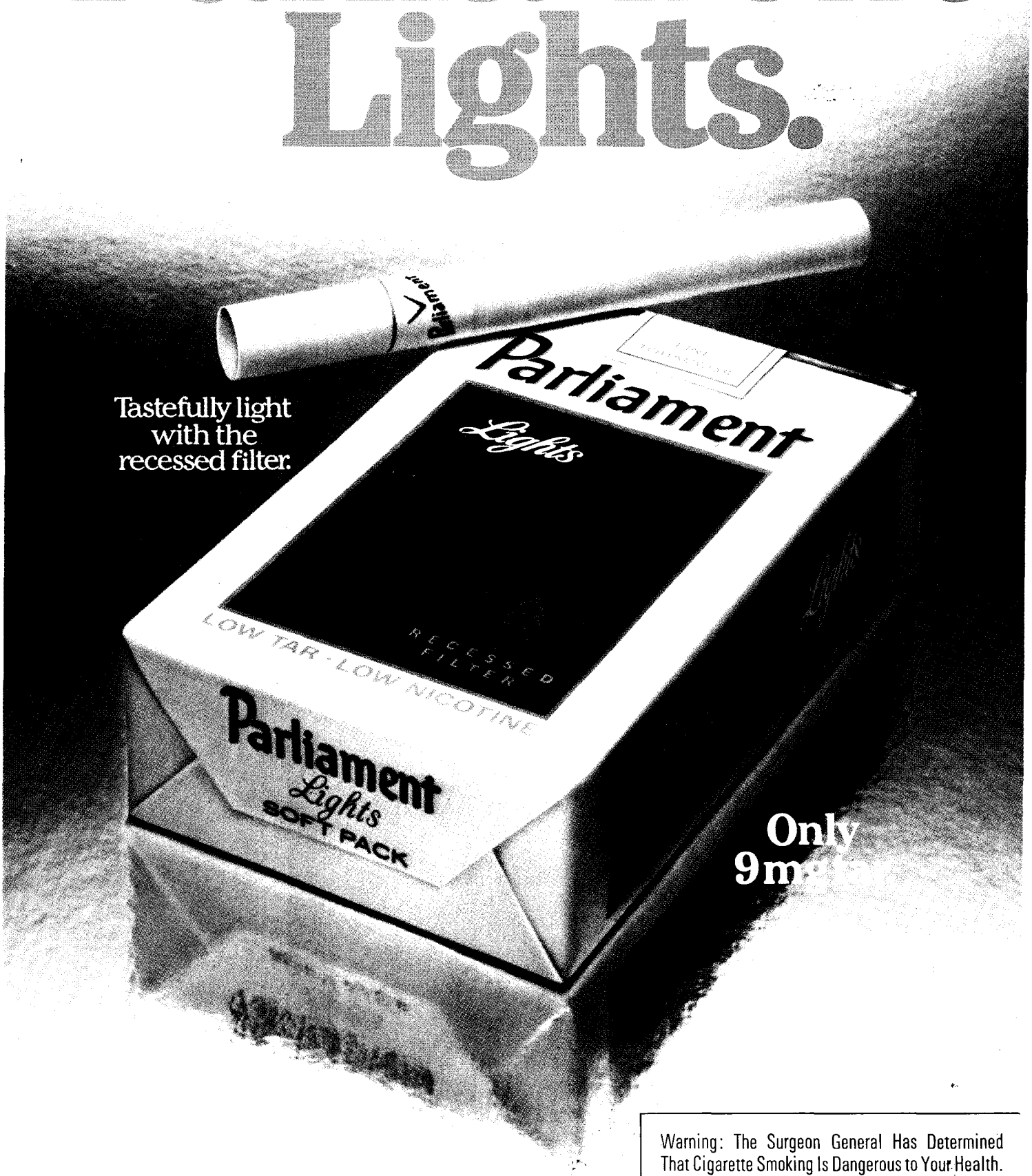

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